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Class.
The Tiptonian

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TIPTONIAN
'08

Mildred Lebo.

Volume X

MCM VIII

Published by the Senior Class, assisted by
'09, '10 and '11

Allen County Public Library
Ft. Wayne, Indiana

Dedication

To the Faculty

as an expression of our esteem

Luna Dickerson
Elinor K. Towne

A. E. Highley, Principal
Charles F. Patterson, Supt.
Garnet G. Dodds

Lenore Buchanan
Edna E. Morgan

PROGRESSIVE TIPTON

TIPTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

ELKS HOME

THIRD WARD SCHOOL

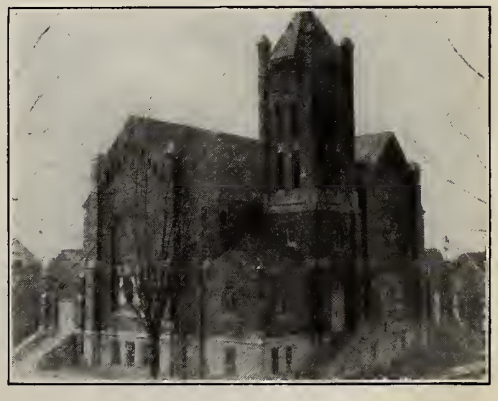
ST. JOSEPH ACADEMY

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

M. E. CHURCH

COURT HOUSE

GERMAN CHURCH



CHRISTIAN CHURCH

OUR STUDIO

OLD TIPTON HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

NEW TIPTON HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

A History of the Tipton High School

THE year eighteen hundred seventy-two marks the beginning of our present High School system. It was in the autumn of that year, that Prof. Rust, then superintendent of the city schools, succeeded in forming a class of twelve which was to be the first on the roll of our Alumni. But few people realized the need of higher school facilities then and the new movement met with much opposition. However, through the untiring efforts of the school authorities the work progressed and in eighteen hundred seventy-six the first High School commencement was held for a class of seven graduates. This class established the fact that Tipton had a High School and people began to get interested in its work.

The next class three years later numbered sixteen and since that time almost every year has marked the graduation of a class of aspiring High School students fitted out to fill responsible positions in life.

Twenty-eight graduating classes including the present one, have gone forth from the old High School Building. In all there have been two hundred eighty-two graduates, one hundred seventy-nine girls and one hundred-three boys. The fact is worthy of note that of this number all have been true to their Alma Mater and the inspiring principles it has fostered.

Of the Old School Building which has witnessed all the scenes of High School life of thirty-two years a great deal might be said. It was erected in the year eighteen hundred sixty-eight as a township school and not until a few years after was it turned over to the city for school purposes. Then the first story was used by the grades and on the unfinished second floor what is now Room C. was fitted up for the first-class of High School students. Our Chemistry Laboratory was an office room for the superintendent and the large Assembly hall, furnished with a rude stage along the east wall and with Room E. fitted up as a dressing room, was used for private theatricals and entertainments given by the students. Here large audiences gathered and, seated about the room on planks laid across trestles, enjoyed ameteur performances of such plays as "Handy Andy" and "Ten Nights In A Bar Room." Here also pupils and teacher met for lectures etc., and hence this room was proudly spoken of as "Our Chapel."

The exterior of the building had not yet received its coat of dull gray but stood in all its brightness and towered far above all neighboring structures. Surrounding the campus was a high board fence with a rude stile for an entrance, and on the south side the lawn was closely partitioned to separate the girls and boys. This was probably done for the benefit of the grades down stairs.

Since then the school building has been modernized in every way but it still has an air of ancient times about it and in the last year of its occupancy it might with Napoleonic inspiration say: "Pupils, forty years look down upon your acts to-day. Behave like men."

Tipton High School Course

FIRST YEAR

FIRST TERM

Algebra.
English.
Ancient History.
Latin.
{Geology or
{Physical Geography.

SECOND TERM

Algebra.
English.
Ancient History.
Latin.
{Geology or
{Physical Geography.

SECOND YEAR

FIRST TERM

Algebra.
English.
Modern History.
Latin Caesar.
{Zoology or
{Botany.

SECOND TERM

Algebra.
English.
Modern History.
Latin Caesar.
{Zoology or
{Botany.

THIRD YEAR

FIRST TERM

Plane Geometry.
English.
English History.
Latin Cicero.
{Physics or
{German.

SECOND TERM

Plane Geometry.
Civics.
Latin Cicero.
{Physics or
{German.

Each subject four hours per week.

FOURTH YEAR

FIRST TERM

Solid Geometry.
English.
American History.
Latin Vergil.
{Chemistry or
{German.

SECOND TERM

Trigonometry or Arithmetic.
English.
American History.
Latin Vergil.
{Chemistry or
{German.

STAFF

EDITOR IN CHIEF
Edna Doversberger '08

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Opal M'Shane '08

BUSINESS MANAGER
Roy B. Smith '08

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MGR
Frank Richey '09

JOKE EDITORS
Nell J. Smith 08
Lodelle Harlan '10
Ralph Kuttler '09
Ethel O'Leary '11

CALENDAR EDITORS.
R. Fern Wells 08
Mabel Kluyla. '09
Lena Harper '11
Ruby Deahyne '10

STAFF ARTIST
Paul C Salter 08

Tipton High School

MOTTO.

I am a part of all that I have met.

COLOR.

Prussian Blue.

FLOWER.

White Rose.

YELL.

Hoop La ! Boom La ! !
Phiza Boom ! Ya Hah ! !
Tipton High School ! !
Wah Hoo ! ! Wa Hah ! !

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

President - - -	R. B. BEAUCHAMP
Secretary - - -	A. W. RAMSAY
Treasurer - - -	WALTER CARTER

FACULTY
P.C. SALTER
'07

CHARLES F. PATTERSON--History

Tipton county claims Mr. Charles F. Patterson as her own for he was born near Windfall. He attended Tipton High School and later Spiceland Academy. After spending three years at Wabash college and teaching for a few years, Mr. Patterson became superintendent of the Johnson county schools. In 1891 he graduated from Franklin College. He spent some time doing post-graduate work at Chicago University and then was superintendent of the Edinburgh schools for twelve years from which place he came to Tipton in 1906 as superintendent of the city schools. In 1895 he secured his state life license. Mr. Patterson is treasurer and associate-editor of the Educator Journal and in 1900 he became a member of the American Historical Association.

A. E. HIGHLEY--Mathematics

Mr. A. E. Highley is a graduate both of the teachers and scientific course of the Marion Normal and of the Terre Haute Normal School. At present he is a Senior of Indiana University. During the fourteen years of his teaching experience he spent five years as grade teacher and since has held the positions successively of superintendent of Van Buren city schools, principal of Jonesboro High School, superintendent of Jonesboro city schools and principal of Tipton High School.

EDNA E. MORGAN--English

Miss Edna Morgan after graduating from the Hebron High School taught in the graded schools of Porter county. She finished a four years' course at Indiana University in 1907.

LUNA DICKERSON--Science

Miss Luna Dickerson graduated from Taylor University in 1900 and from Indiana University in 1907. She has also had some work at the Winona Summer School.

ELINOR K. TOWNE--Latin

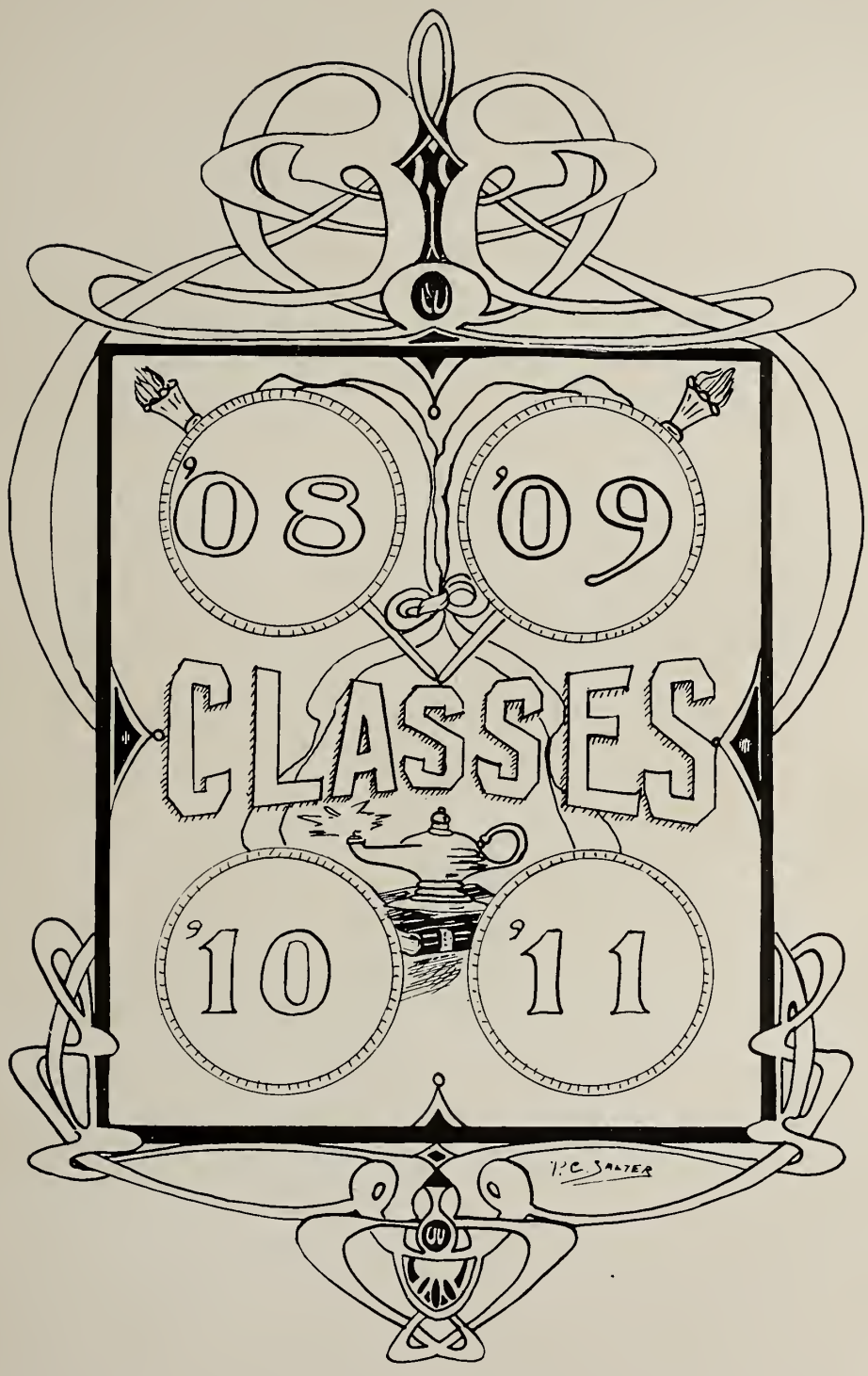
Miss Elinor Towne is a graduate of Depauw Academy and University and has taken post-graduate work at the same place. She has taught in the graded schools of South Bend, the High Schools of Covington and Monticello and at the Depauw Academy.

LENORE BUCHANAN--Music

Miss Lenore Buchanan is a graduate of the Chicago High School and the Columbia School of Music. Besides she has had two years' work at the Chicago Conservatory and one year at the Hinshaw School of Opera and Drama. Last year she was supervisor of music at Calumet, Michigan.

GARNET G. DODDS--Science and History

Mr. Garnet G. Dodds is a graduate of the 1903 class of St. Joseph's Academy. He has had two years' work at Indiana University. Mr. Dodds came to the Tipton High School at the beginning of the second term, from the Hobbs High School where he was principal.


'08
'09
CLASSES
'10
'11
W.C. SALTER

SEMIORS
1908
PCS

SENIOR CLASS.

CLASS MOTTO.

"Ad Finem."

COLORS.

Burnt Orange and Blue.

CLASS FLOWER.

White Lily.

YELL.

Gee Whiz !
Lick-a-ty Siz !
Flip-a-ty Flop-a-ty !
Flip-a-ty Fliz !
Rick-a-ty Raw !
Rick-a-ty Rew !
We'll take our Diplomas and Skidoo !

OFFICERS.

President - - -	Evan Smith
Vice-President - - -	Ralph Richman
Treasurer - - - -	Roy B. Smith
Secretary - - -	Nell F. Smith

The Senior Class.

THE 1908 class greatly regrets that on account of ill-health, two of its members were unable to finish the year's work. They had been entrusted with the highest offices of the class, those of class president and editor-in-chief of the Tiptonian, and had ably performed their duties. The originality and versatility of Gladys Mount, the editor-in-chief, has been greatly missed by the editorial staff.

Chalmer Browne, the president, was loyal to the class in every way. Although the best plans "gang aft agley" and part of your hopes have not been fulfilled, yet we still cherish the memory of your efforts and your ideals among the worthiest of our possessions as a class, and will ever hold you among our most honored members.

Evan Smith

"For You Assuredly a Hopeful Road Lies Open."

Ralph Richman

"But Work is Work and Must be Done Yit as I Work I Have My Fun."

Chloe Hershman

"A Leetle Mite Superber, Like, Than Any of the Rest."

Opal McShane

"Those About Her from Her Shall Read the Perfect Ways of Honor."

Floyd Ramsay

"He Was the Pink of Courtesy."

William Cole

"Truly I Would that the Gods Had Made Thee Poetical."

Mabel Mott

"Grace was in all Her Steps, in Every Gesture Dignity."

Cleo B. Teter

"Some Secret Charms Did All Her Acts Attend."

George McCarty

"I'd Ruther Work When I Wanted to Than be Bossed Around by Others."

Ray Bower

"Of Girls and of their Lovely Looks I Thought Not, Busy with My Books(?)"

Agnes Langan

"She's Modest as Ony, and Blith as She's Bonny."

Myrtle Richardson

"The Height Your Hope has Found, Your Feet May Reach."

Earl LaFara

"I'm Not in the Roll of Common Men."

Roy B. Smith

"Fate Tried to Conceal Him by Naming Him Smith."

R. Fern Wells

"Nothing Lovlier can be Found in Woman than to Study Household Goods."

Edna Doversberger

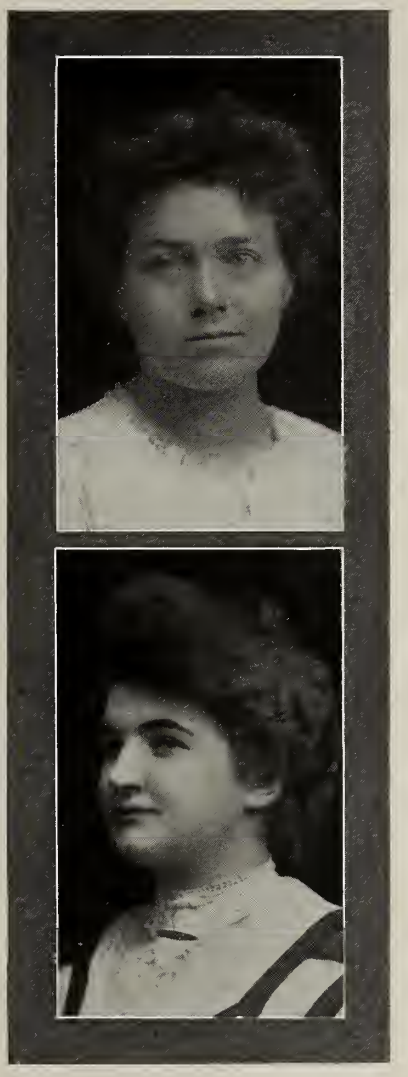
"I Am What I Pretend To Be."

Paul C. Salter

"Though Laughter is Allowable a Horse Laugh is Abominable."

Walter C. Mayne

"Graced with Polished Manners."



Nellie F. Smith

"A Rosebud Set with Little Willful Thorns
and Sweet as English Air Could Make Her."

Clyrol Foster

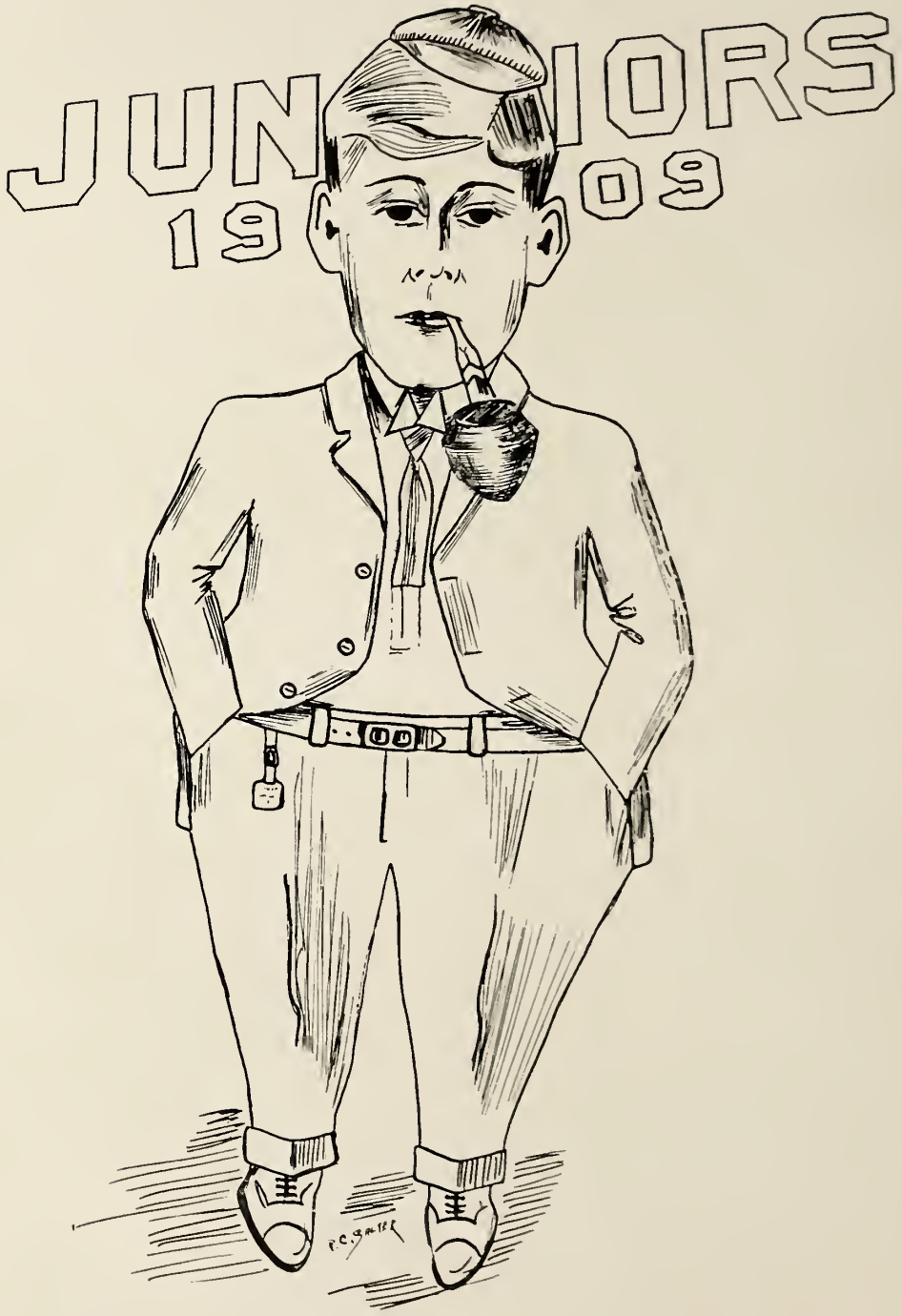
"Fair Tresses Man's Imperial Race
Ensnare"

Mamie Moore

"Girl's That's in Love, I've Noticed,
Generally Has Their Way."

Ben Boughman

"And A-Actin' and A-Cuttin' Up All Sorts
O' Silly Pranks."


JUNIORS
1909

JUNOIR CLASS.

CLASS MOTTO.

There's no such word as "FAIL."

COLORS.

Lavender and Crimson.

CLASS FLOWER.

Pink Tea Rose.

YELL.

Clickey Te Clax — Te Clax — Te Clax !
Rickety Rah — Te Rah — Te Rah !
Zip Te Zine — Te Zine — Te Zine !
Rah for the Class of 1909 ! !

OFFICERS.

President - - -	EARL JORDAN
Vice-President - -	ALTA MOUNT
Treasurer - - -	MONROE HUGHES
Secretary - - -	OPAL PENCE

Members

1. Byron Tranbarger
2. Louise Lanham
3. Gladys Patten
4. Raymond McArdle
5. Margaret Miller
6. Roderick Renner
7. Ralph Kirtley
8. Ben Drake
9. Espy Katon
10. Ethel Coleman
11. Arvilla Fuller
12. Okla Hurshman
13. Ethel Bolton
14. Mabel Kleyla
15. Cora Wise
16. Leona Moore
17. Monroe Hughs
18. Chessel Urmston
19. Herman O'Hara
20. Vern Wagstaff
21. Alta Mount
22. Earl Jordan
23. Dennis Thompson
24. Lydia Hartman
25. Opal Pence
26. Paul Brookbank
27. Frank Richey

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SOPHS.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

CLASS MOTTO.

Fide et Amore Vicimus.

COLORS.

Royal Blue and Gold.

CLASS FLOWER.

White Rose.

YELL.

Hi Whooperty Dass
What's the Matter with the One Nought Class
They are in It — in It When ?
Till After the Year of 1910 ! !

OFFICERS.

President - - -	Ruth Krumanaker
Vice-President - - -	Ralph Kemp
Treasurer - - -	Ersie Martin
Secretary - - -	Blanche Holman

Members

1. Hazel Cochran
2. Ester Good
3. Paul Smith
4. Ruth Krumanaker
5. Garnett Teter
6. Blanche Holman
7. Dane Patterson
8. Ralph Lambert
9. Emil Baxter
10. Bethel Templeton
11. Lucy Pickerell
12. James Hogan
13. Paul VanBuskirk
14. Mary Boyer
15. Laura Messmore
16. Sylvia Sloan
17. Emma Trautman
18. Genevieve Haggerty
19. Edna Repp
20. Charlotte Wells
21. Grace Trimble
22. Raymond Huber
23. Samuel Groves
24. Lodelle Harlan
25. Louis Hurley
26. Clara Doversberger
27. Ralph Kemp
28. Bertha Russell
29. Ersie Martin
30. Juanita Tresidder
31. Pearle Askren
32. Guy Bowers
33. Lana Michel
34. Floyd Webb
35. Florence Illges
36. Lela Good
37. Robert Smith
38. Beulah Boyer

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OUR FRESHIES

O, see these little Freshies who've come to our school to stay,
To have a jolly good time all the live long day.
That they think they own the building there isn't any doubt,
But the Sophomores will get them
Ef
they
don't
watch
out!

O, happy little Freshman, keep this well in mind:
You're the last in this building of your kind,
So remember to honor it or 'fore you know what you're about—
The Sophomores will get you
Ef
you
don't
watch
out!

—Alta Mount, '09.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

CLASS MOTTO.

To the Stars Thru Difficulties.

COLORS.

Old Gold and Black.

CLASS FLOWER.

Yellow Chrysanthemum.

YELL.

Re Rum — Re Rum !
Re Bo — Bay Rum !
We're Out to Win
Raise The Din !
We're 5 x 7
Hail to the Class of 1911 ! !

OFFICERS.

President - - -	Carl Richman
Vice-President - - -	Oren Foster
Treasurer - - -	Jean Johns
Secretary - - -	Edith Ramsay

Members

1. Ruth McConkey
2. Hazel Newlon
3. Gladys Bowlin
4. Harold Patten
5. Buell Haskett
6. Eugene Pyke
7. Leonard Pence
8. Harry Herron
9. Ambrose Schmidt
10. Ruth Anderson
11. Frances Reed
12. Bishop Richardson
13. Allan Innis
14. Edith Ramsey
15. Ethel O'Leary
16. Ray Glenn
17. Oren Foster
18. Fred Rouls
19. Carolyn Trittschuh
20. Zenas Teter
21. Lydia Trimble
22. Iris McColley
23. Ray Kirtley
24. Florence Lewis
25. Helen Nicholson
26. Aloysius McEntee
27. Dudley Wagstaff
28. Lena Harper
29. Mable Showers
30. Jean Johns
31. Pearl Mayne
32. Floyd Mayne
33. Hugh Campbell
34. Paul Barr
35. Carl Richman
36. Mae Kirtley
37. John D. Smith
38. Helen Brown

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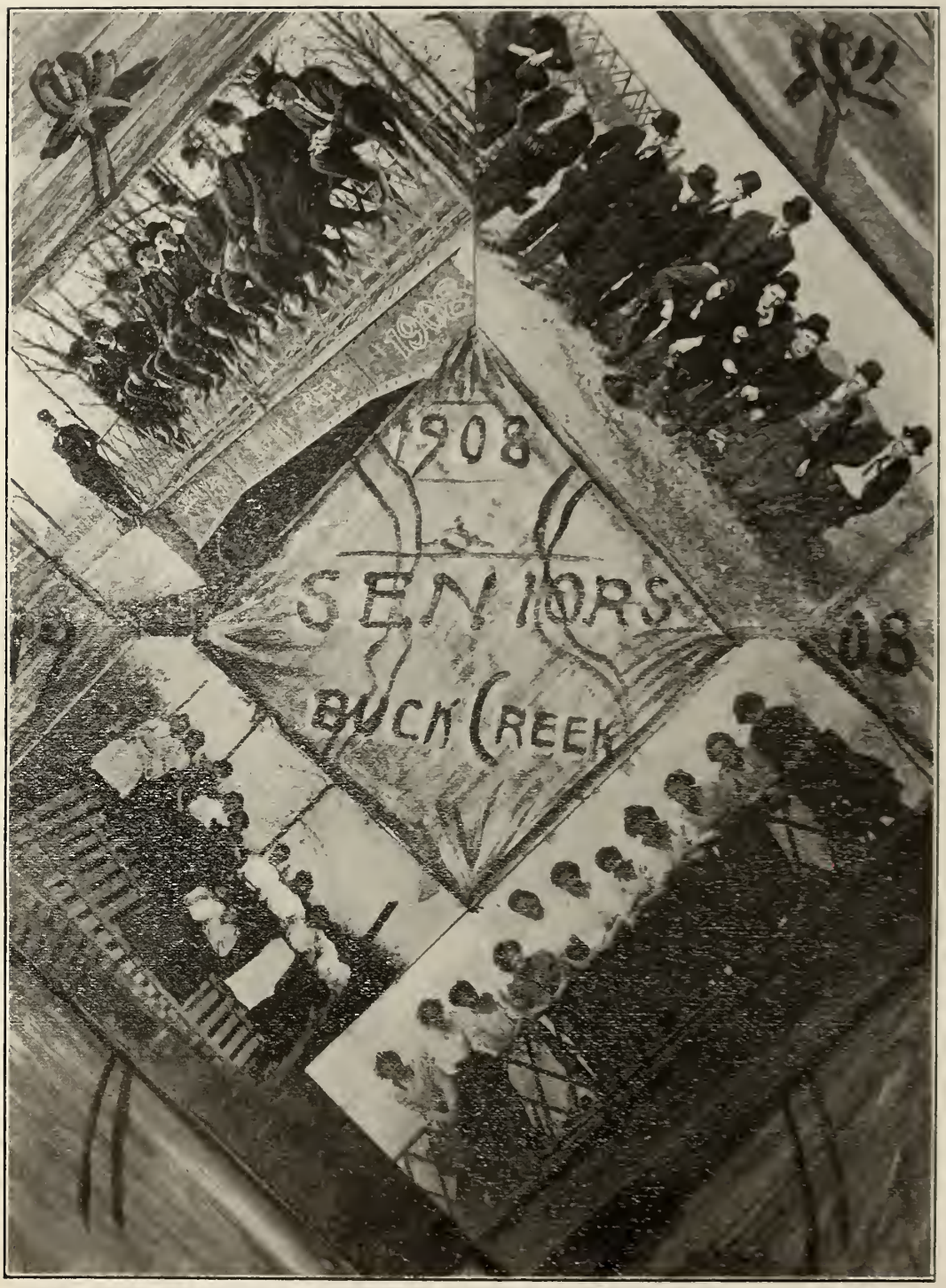
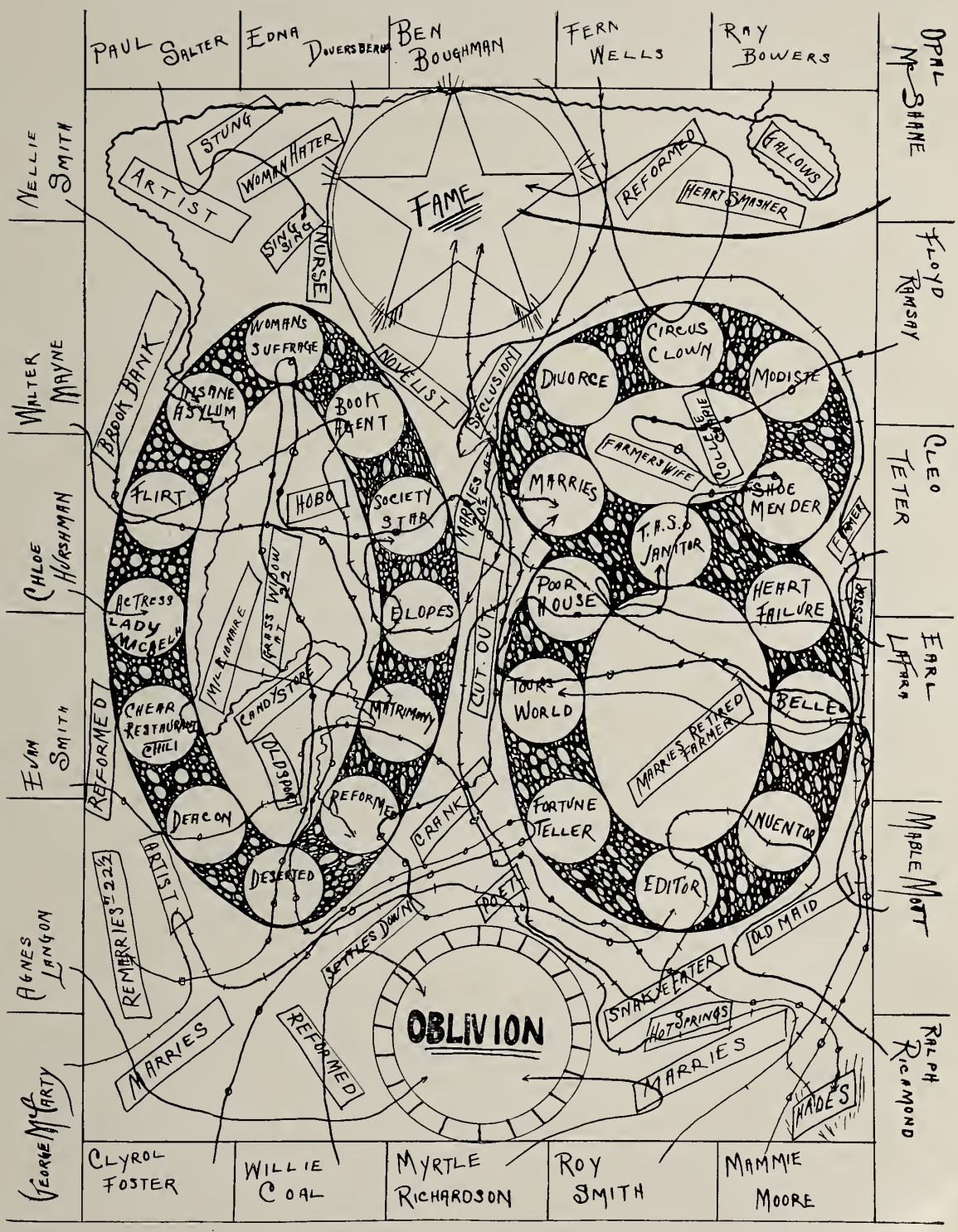

1908
SENIORS
BUCK CREEK
08



PAUL SALTER
EDNA DOVERSBERG
BEN BOUGHMAN
FERN WELLS
RAY BOWERS
OPAL McSHANE
NELLIE SMITH
WALTER MAYNE
CHLOE HURSHMAN
EVAN SMITH
AGNES LANGON
GEORGE McCARTY
FLOYD RAMSAY
CLEO TETER
EARL LAFARA
MABLE MOTT
RALPH RICHMOND
CLYROL FOSTER
WILLIE COAL
MYRTLE RICHARDSON
ROY SMITH
MAMMIE MOORE
FAME
OBLIVION
STUNG
WOMAN HATER
ARTIST
SING SING
NURSE
REFORMED
GALLOWS
HEART SMASHER
WOMANS SUFFRAGE
INSANE ASYLUM
BROOK BANK
BOOK AGENT
NOVELIST
SECLUSION
CIRCUS CLOWN
DIVORCE
MODISTE
FARMERS WIFE
COLLEGE CHAPIE
MARRIES
SHOE MENDER
T.A.S. JANITOR
FLIRT
HOBO
SOCIETY STAR
MARRIES 20½
ACTRESS
LADY MACBETH
MILLIONAIRE
GRASS WIDOW AT 22
ELOPES
POOR HOUSE
HEART FAILURE
PROFESSOR
CHEAR RESTAURANT CHILI
CANDY STORE
MATRIMONY
CUT OUT
TOURS WORLD
BELLE
MARRIES RETIRED FARMER
OLDSPORT
REFORMED
DEACON
CRANK
FORTUNE TELLER
INVENTOR
DESERTED
EDITOR
ARTIST
REMARRIES 22½
POET
SETTLES DOWN
OLD MAID
SNAKE EATER
HOT SPRINGS
MARRIES
REFORMED
MARRIES
HADES

In Memoriam

Charles Mitchell

February 21, 1906

Cash Barr

March 25, 1906

Earl Gleason

July 12, 1906

LITERARY

The Ending of Mr. Van Cleave's First Sermon

IT was Mr. Van Cleave's first sermon in the little kirk at Glen Lith. Therefore he was particularly anxious to appear at his best especially because from the old McLain pew two pretty bright eyes gazed up at him from under a huge leghorn hat laden with red poppies.

Mr. Van Cleave had arrived from Kilmarnock by way of stage-coach Saturday evening and had spent the night at the spacious McLain farm house. That morning desiring to appear well in the eyes of Miss Jannet, the pretty, eldest lassie of the McLain home, he had begged to be allowed to assist her in gathering the eggs and carrying them to the house in the pockets of his long frock coat. He had been amply rewarded by one of those rare, tantalizing smiles which only Miss Jannet knew how to bestow.

Although it was one of those sultry days in July the air was steeped in perfume. At intervals the grain was stirred by a slight warm breeze. The filmy blue of the distant hills faded into a soft gray against the azure tinted sky. Mr. Van Cleave had been made glad by the wealth of color about him as he walked to the little kirk that bright Sunday morning.

It was with a great deal of excitement and misgivings that he commenced his first sermon. He had become warmed up to his subject and leaning over his pulpit and shaking his fist in the faces of his parishoners he said:

"Beloved we are here to accomplish big things, the little things of this world must not affect us in the least. We must put pride behind us——"

Here the Reverend Van Cleave having become very much excited drew forth his 'kerchief from his pocket to wipe the perspiration from his face. Calamity of Calamities! Feeling something sticky in his hand he paused a moment and glancing down he saw a yellow fluid coursing down his coat dripping on his carefully polished boots. All thoughts of his sermon vanished. Helplessly his eyes sought the McLain pew and as he encountered the mischevious eyes of Jannet brimming over with uncontrollable laughter, a panic seized him and he rushed out of the door at his right.

It was supper time before Mr. Van Cleave could muster up his courage to again enter the McLain home. Kind-hearted Mister and Mistress McLain strove to comfort him. But when he met Miss Jannet at the kitchen door coming in with a pan of eggs he turned red to the roots of his hair and sought some means of escape. But the wicked Miss Jannet smiled up at him and said:

"Ye ken we ma na let the wee things disturb us. I wad nae be cast down. Ye ken weel yersel, Mr. Van Cleave, you're nae the first mon that hae been driven frae the platform by rotten eggs afore."

GLADYS MOUNT.

Caught

Three husky lads with brave intent,
Three senior lads on mischief bent,
Stole softly forth one moonless night,
To play some pranks which they thought right.

"Oh! won't the Janitor be mad,"
Said one big, husky looking lad.
"Then you'll hear Highley rave and tear
And Patterson will almost swear."

But husky, brawny Senior lads,
Although we know you are not cads,
You'll soon be badly in a fright,
And by the Janitor put to flight.

Up the stairs they slowly creep,
Turning pale as the old stairs creak,
They know not what there is to come,
Or they would surely turn and run.

Then from the hallway's marky gloom
The Janitor's form did suddenly loom,
And as you know. the boys took flight
From the Janitor's gun that fateful night.

BYRON TRANBARGER, '09.

Among The Rafters.

ABOUT two years ago just after harvest Bill and I were visiting our friends. Sam and Jim. Sam had made a seat and fastened it to the hay-fork, which ascended from the drive way of the barn.

Here he passed many hours away reading, sleeping and swinging.

We went into the barn to play some games and I saw the swing and suggested a raise. The boys accepted the suggestion and the fun began.

Bill, the "gamest" and most daring was the first to volunteer. He made the trip. Next came my time. I got on the seat and up! UP!! UP!!! I went, gripping the fork. until it struck the carrier and ran along the track giving me an unexpected and unenjoyed swing then suddenly stopped. "How de ye like 'er?" questioned Sam in a scornful manner. "Alright," said I, "Let me d—down!"

The boys pulled the trip-rope and the fork went back to the center of the track. "Ready?" said Jim. "Y—yep" and down I came almost scared out of my wits. Would I ever reach the floor? Would I fall? were the questions that ran through my mind but suddenly the fork stopped and I safely left my seat not caring for another ascension of this kind.

PAUL E. BARR. '11.

Macbeth

IN the tragedy of Macbeth we find portrayed some of the most wonderful characters of Shakespeare. Among these characters that of Macbeth stands out in bold relief as showing ambition using foul means or fair to gain its end. In this sketch the principal traits which have an influence on this ambition or its results will be treated.

Macbeth is a character who possesses force and energy to an exceptional degree. When he is pictured to us on the battlefield by the sergeant we can almost see him hastening up and down his line of battle, cheering on his men and engaging in his hand to hand conflict with Macdonwald. From the start of his fall to the end of his career, we see no interval between his actions. His energy must be used and since it is turned toward the wrong it produces evil results.

He has an almost supernatural imagination over which he has little or no control. He sees visions and apparitions which are not visible to other eyes. His visions are beyond the ordinary man's conception.

At the time of his temptation by the witches Macbeth has scarcely a noble moral trait. The reasons which he gives for not killing Duncan do not have source in moral compunction. They are really these: Murder is a game which two can play. heartlessness draws general attention and ambition is apt to defeat its own object. That is, he views things as a man of this world, disregarding that to come. He is a practical man in the sense that he is capable of turning his energies into a channel prepared by another, there also to carry out the course designated, under ordinary conditions. This is illustrated by the fact that when Lady Macbeth presents to him a feasible plan for

murdering Duncan "he is settled and bends up each corporal agent to the terrible feat." Macbeth also looks at many things in a light which to a certain extent may be called practical, but he is rather what we would term a man of action.

Macbeth's moral nature was like that of ordinary flesh, that is——weak. Prior to the time of his career in crime his life was only a type of common place morality, the hesitation of man between serving God and serving the devil.

The superstition shown by Macbeth is easily seen. His belief in the witches appears infallible and he loses faith only when the last prophecy comes true and he fully comprehends the double sense of each sentence on which he had based his hope.

Superstition is one of the two great flaws in Macbeth's character, helplessness in suspense is the other. First when Duncan comes to the palace not only does Macbeth refrain from greeting him but he does not even remain in the dining room where he knows the king will be received. Again in the murder of Duncan, when he hears the praying he loses all control, forgets to smear blood on the grooms' faces and is completely in the power of his imagination. In a moment of suspense he forgets his plan and plunges his dagger into the bosom of the distracted grooms. In his explanation of this deed comes that peculiar sensation to the hearers that the murderer, stands before them. The murder of Banquo is another striking example of this helplessness.

But within himself, the trait which is most powerful and in the beginning governs and controls his every other characteristic is his ambition. Before this power every consideration must bow everything and anything must be done to gratify its desires. Yet his plunge into crime can only be explained by the use of all the agencies discussed above and the influence of his wife. He was endowed with an ambition, which in league with his imagination, carries him to grand heights, thoughts and aspirations. Now the devil always attacks a man at his weakest point. Thus we find Macbeth tempted through his ambition for power. Then his moral nature, naturally weak, under the influence of superstition and goaded on by the words of his wife falls before temptation and he enters the realms of crime.

But in this examination of Macbeth's character we must not overlook the quality of bravery. Bravery in a certain sense, is the only trait which remains with Macbeth to his death. We can not help admiring him when he dies fighting in the desperation of despair without showing a trace of cowardice, for as Garfield said: "If there be any one thing that mankind loves and adores above another, it is a brave man; a man who dares look the devil in the face and tell him he is the devil."

Macbeth is a character whom we can admire, only by eliminating his moral nature, and viewing his great power, bravery and energy. His is an example of a great ambition, burning in a brain endowed with a wonderful imagination, which, under the influence of superstition, and a wife's intellect soars through space in a brilliant and bloody course to destruction.

RALPH E. RICHMAN, '08.

The Horse Laugh

"A LAUGH," says Webster, "is the outward demonstration of the feeling that the ridiculous always inspires in us." He does not seem to take into consideration any laugh except the mirthful, possibly because that is the only true one. He leaves out the cynical laugh, the skeptical laugh, the maniacal laugh. and last of all, the famous Horse Laugh of the Tipton High School.

The Horse Laugh spent it's colt-hood days under a trainer who, like all old time ones, believed in leaving the colt untrained for awhile. During the first part of it's life it thrived well, developing a frivolous if not a fractious disposition. No doubt it would have had several very happy years had not a lucky accident forced a change of trainers.

The new trainer believed that the training of a colt should begin at birth and continue until it is a yearling, at which time it will be almost as dignified as an old horse. Finding a year old horse without any training was very trying to her nerves, but she set about striving to master it with all her might. She has succeeded very well for only at times when the Horse Laugh is in it's most frivolous and fractious mood will it burst out in that long, loud, continuous bellow for which it was noted during the first year of its life.

EVAN SMITH, 08.

Bob's Mistake

MR. ROBERT THURSDALE drummed idly upon the window pane. He was to sail for Porto Rico the next morning and he had called at the Benson's to bid Frieda good-bye, and also to ask her to be his wife. He had proposed to Frieda upon any and every occasion, but had received no encouragement. This time he had resolved not to take "No" for an answer.

Just then Frieda entered with a tack hammer and her mouth full of tacks. She nodded and climbed the step-ladder which was standing in one corner of the room.

"Hullo Bob!" she exclaimed when she had taken the tacks from her mouth. "You must pardon me, but really I must put up these curtains." "I'm going to sail for Porto Rico to-morrow," was his only response, "and shall probably not return for six or eight months."

"I'm so sorry," said Frieda from her high perch.

"And," went on Bob, "before I go I want to know when the wedding-day is to be."

Frieda blushed and dimpled in surprise. "The seventh of next February." She replied, "but how did you guess?"

Frieda's brother, Glen, entered before they could say more and in a few moments Bob and Glen went off together.

"I knew she would come round," Bob said to himself with satisfaction.

Four months later Bob sat in his room at a hotel in Porto Rico. He held an unopened letter in his hand. It was from Frieda's brother.

"Could you be true to eyes of blue if you looked into eyes of brown" kept repeating itself over and over in spite of himself.

He was forced to admit that while he was engaged to pretty blue-eyed Frieda Benson, he was in love with a pair of black eyes. He loved Inez LeMoyne and could not marry her. Bob was unable to see how he could ever have imagined himself in love with Frieda.

At last he broke the seal, and Glen's letters ran as follows:

"Dear Bob:—Frieda wants me to tell you that her wedding is to be the seventh of November instead of February, as Virgil Wilcox has accepted a position with a publishing company in Indianapolis and must be there by the first week in December. Frieda hopes you will be able to attend the wedding. Frieda Wilcox! Doesn't it sound odd?"

At this Bob threw down the letter. He did not care how it came that he had made such an absurd mistake. He only knew that it was to Virgil Wilcox and not himself that Frieda Benson was engaged, and that he was free to marry Inez.

He reached America in time for the wedding and Inez went along as his wife.

GLADYS PATTEN, '09.

A Foot-Ball Game.

It was to be the last game. Her Bob was to play. Would they win? Oh, surely! Helen was all excitement.

Presently the door opened and in rushed Bob. Helen sprang up to meet him.

"Oh, Helen, we'll win! You should have been down to practice." And on they chattered. Everything was "foot-ball."

It was the morning of the game. The boys had been trained to the highest notch and it seemed that victory was already theirs. In the afternoon the grand-stand was filled with people, old and young waving the colors of their team. In the front seat sat a young girl, with dark hair and eyes, and cheeks rosy with excitement. This was Helen. Her eyes were fastened on a stalwart fellow, who seemed to realize that he was being watched. Looking up, he caught sight of Helen, waving a flag of the "dear old Prussian blue," and answered with a wave and toss of his hat. This was Bob.

* * * * * * *

The game is over. The wearers of the blue are shouting themselves hoarse, for victory is theirs. But Helen stands a little to one side, looks out on the field and watches the approach of Bob. Oh, how she admires him! And why shouldn't she? He, — her Bob, made three touch-downs, and besides—he is her brother.

LEONA MOORE, '09.

From the Diary of a Maid of Many Moods

JANUARY 1st, '08. Uncle Henry gave me this odd and many colored little book to-day and asked me to keep a diary for one whole year. Said I was eighteen to-day and ought to begin to have some serious tho'ts of my own. Said this many colored book matched my many moods. Don't know what he meant—but he's so odd. Papa gave me fifty dollars to start a bank account. Took twenty of it and bought me a set of furs. He wants me to save money for college next winter.

January 2nd. Mamma talked to me long and earnestly about being more settled and dignified. She means well I know but I wish I knew just what one means by being settled and dignified. I hope it's not being as prim and stiff as Adelia Manners. I promised mother I'd "settle" but immediately forgot and slid down the banister for I was in a hurry to get down stairs and that was the quickest way. I do wish I could act satisfactorily for mother,s sake.

January 3rd. Went sleigh-riding with Mr. Johnson this morning. He is simply exquisite. Am so glad I'm not tied down to school this year. Went to Mrs. Brown's reception this afternoon and went to "Mrs. Wiggs of The Cabbage Patch" this evening. Madge and Ede called. I am feeling grand.

January 4th. My poodle died to-day and I feel as if I haven't a friend on earth. Brother Dick left to-day.

January 5th. Caught cold.

January 6th. Discovered that my father's grand-mother's father's aunt on his mother's side was second cousin to George Washington, therefore, I suppose I am a daughter of the Revolution. I never figured it out myself for it's too much trouble, but mother's aunt was here to-day and she told me.

January 6th. Mother gave her reception. It was swell but she invited Mrs. Thomas whom she can't abide, she says. Don't see why she did it. She started to explain to me why, but it was too much trouble to listen and Mr. Johnson called me just then and asked to call. He is perfect.

January 7th. Cousin Anna and her husband came to-day. They have the dearest French poodle and a baby.

January 8th. Mr. Johnson called and brought me the most divinely beautiful bouquet of roses. Mamma doesn't like him but she's so foolish—Just because she thinks he's not what he seems to be is no sign he isn't. Of course I haven't known him long but——I think and KNOW he is what he seems.

January 9th. Got a note and box of candy from Arnold—that is Mr. Johnson, I mean. Am going to the concert with him to-morrow evening. He's simply lovely. I'm glad I'm eighteen and my own boss and that he has a steady job. Mam said to-day I was too foolish to live and never had a serious tho't. She doesn't know. I have along some lines, at least. Sue and I went shopping.

January 10th. Nothing important.

January 11th. Went to the dance with Mr. Johnson, or ARNOLD, he insists, this evening. Wore my new party dress. He is such a pleasing flatterer. Read "In His

Steps" to-day. Don't see how anybody could read it and not try to be better. Arnold said he loved to read good, sensible books like that. He asked me to read it. He is such a good moral young man. Think Mam likes him better.

January 13th. Swept and sewed all morning then called on Sue this afternoon.

January 14th. Went to church. The girls were here and my two little boy cousins, John and Harry. They were both on a chair pretending it was a car. Harry was in front and was pretending to ring the bell. Of course little John was trying to mock him. Harry turned round very stiffly and said, "Oh! you can't ring. You're nothin' but the coal car." Such kids!

January 15th. Arnold called and brought me the lovliest diamond ring and—— Well Mam will fume but—I'm so happy. Arnold is lonely.

January 16th. Don't see how any woman can be happy not to marry.

January 17th. On! I'm the most miserable mortal on earth. I know. Who'd have tho't Johnson would have forged anybody's name and got put in jail. I just hate the old fraud. I don't see how any, woman can trust a man enough to marry him. Sent the ring back to Johnson and told him he'd better pay his bail with it. Never can face people again.

January 17th. Heard the grandest lecture on "Worldly Pleasures" to-night. Never will dance or play cards again as long as I live. Would rather have my hands and feet cut off. Started to read my bible thro' to-day and finished reading "The Pit."

January 18th. Called on Sue. She's a dear.

January 19th. Went to prayer-meeting. Have just about decided to be a deaconess.

January 20th. Johnson left town. Never want to see the wretch again. Got a letter from brother Dick.

January 21st. Got an invitation to the swellest dance at Mrs. Baker's the 29th. Just can't refuse her.

January 25th. Am having a new dress made for the dance. Tom is going to take me.

January 29th. or 30th. Am too tired to see but must write a scratch. Had the grandest time of my life at the dance. Met a Mr. Ewing. He's so handsome and gentlemanly. He told cousin George I was beautiful and so "dashy" looking. He is grand. He admired my new dress so much.

January 30th. Mr. Ewing called and we discovered that his father and my father used to be schoolmates, so he's going to call again soon. He's perfectly divine——not one bit like Johnson. He has a steady job here in town. I'm so happy to-night.

NELLIE F. SMITH, '08.

The Modern Morgan's Raid

THE following story of Morgan's famous raid was written by a private of the third company, and in it he earnestly attempts to give a full and truthful account of the famous march and attack upon the enemy's stronghold by Captainess Edna E. Morgan, Tipton High School Army, Third company.——

Under the command of Captainess Morgan, the Joan of Arc of the high school and her assistant corporals, Miss Dickerson and Miss Buchanan, a raid was planned by the Third company of the entire army, upon the stronghold of John Renner. lying five miles north-east of the principal fortifications of the army.

The march and mode of attack had been arranged, and every detail planned by a traitor, Roderick Renner, who was in some manner fully aware of the strength and defensive power of the Renner fortifications. By his orders the company was assembled at the traction station at six-thirty o'clock on the night of December nineteenth, nineteen hundred and seven. Here he relinquished command to the captainess and her corporals. The privates of the company. having concealed their weapons, contrived to bribe the station agent into issuing passes over the traction lines to the nearest point from which they could conveniently march upon the fortifications of the enemy. This having been accomplished, on the arrival of the east bound car they took it by storm, and by forbidding faces and an appearance of great numbers forced the conductor to allow them to secure seats. The conductor, to his credit, accepted the passes they had secured from the agent and decided to keep silent in the face of the foreboding body of determined and fierce—(looking) raiders.

The car soon arrived at the Windfall pike from which place the raiders had decided to march upon the enemy. At first the company started out in good order, with one or two exceptions. One of the corporals, I refrain from using the name for fear she might be court-martialed, became interested in a certain private and took command of him throughout the march. But as the company continued the privates began to break ranks, and in a short time the entire regiment was divided into small groups, scattered for a quarter of a mile along the road. The company marched steadily onward and had covered the first quarter of their march when suddenly there blazed from a hidden battery on the hillside a cannonade of two rounds. This was the first sign of hostility and for a moment panic reigned, but the captainess and her corporals soon had the company marching on. There being no deaths or wounds reported, we judged the enemy's aim to be poor and soon regained our confidence.

The remainder of the march was without opposition and was uneventful except for the continued straggling of some members of the company. At last the enemies outer walls were reached and the traitor, Roderick, knowing the plans, easily opened the gate and allowed the company to pass through.

The attack was a complete success. The enemy were taken so much by surprise that they offered no resistance whatever, and surrendered the entire works to the raiders. The latter took possession of the camp and ran over it in many different

ways. Enlivened by the joys of victory and by their easy capture of the fort, they spent some hours in the rejoicing and reveling in the fruits of their victory. The enemy treated them royally and the whole company departed from the now ransacked fort with many trophies in the way of good things to eat and a general fine time. The march back to the car line was uneventful. Here, while waiting for the car the entire company discussed the modern "Morgan's Raid." When the car arrived they returned to their city and dispersed to their many barracks, all declaring themselves to be willing to participate in another, or even more dangerous raid upon some enemy's stronghold, that they might again revel in the spoils of victory.

FRANK H. RICHEY, '09.

"The Twins' Coon Hunt."

THE burning logs in the old fire-place crackled and sent out a pleasant glow, brightening the dingy interior of an old weather-worn cabin that stood like a stubborn donkey in a reclining attitude, on the bank of the White River in Arkansas.

Old Tige, the dog, slumbered before the hearth dreaming of some favorite sport. He would occasionally give several short quick barks as if he had discovered some animal. It was great fun for the fourteen year old twins, Moses and Aaron Pikey to watch the old dog dream.

Mr. and Mrs. Pikey and the girls had gone to attend a meeting at a little log schoolhouse about five miles away but the twins, who complained of being sleepy, were left at home. As soon as the sound of the departing cart died away both boys were wide-awake and turned their attention to Tige.

"Tige yo' wants ter go er coon huntin' I spec's," said Moses.

"Ob course he do," replied Aaron, "see how he dreamin'."

"It's er shame not ter pity er dum' brute lak Tige."

"Dat's so. Tige ought ter be took out in de woods to hab some fun. Oughn't Tige?"

The dog hearing his name uttered so often, woke up and stretched himself.

"Dis am er fine ebenin fo' huntin' coons. De moon's comin' up Tige an' it am bright too. Git up Tige an come heah," said Moses.

The dog quickly obeyed.

"Come heah, sah!" commanded Aaron but the dog would not leave the hands that petted him most. "Wall den stay dah fo' yo' fink moah ob 'Bullrushes' dan ob me anyway," he added in a half vexed tone.

Aaron had heard the colored preacher tell of Moses' childhood and had at first applied the name "Bullrushes" to his brother in boyish mischief but knowing his brother despised the name only called him that when he was out of humor.

"Well Tige yo' an' Bullrushes come on an les be huntin' along de rivah an' see if we can't scah up some coon."

At this Aaron left the cabin followed by Moses and the dog.

Tige ran around among the trees and was the most active member of the party They had not gone far when the dog treed a coon. Aaron quickly climbed up the tree while Moses and Tige waited on the ground, the former armed with a large club. Aaron grabbed for the coon which tried to free itself by going into a large hole in the

trunk. He succeeded in getting hold to fhe bushy tail before the coon could completely disappear.

He grasped the tail with both hands and yelled to his brother: "I's got him Moses! Now look out down da, fo' somefin's gwine to drap an' dat mighty quick!"

He pulled hard but the tail slipped from his hands and he fell downward among the leafless branches. He didn't reach the ground however for a dead limb caught him by the trousers and held him suspended about ten feet from the ground.

"Jolly!" exclaimed Moses laughing, "I fink somefin done drap shuah."

"Oh help me quick Moses!" he cried, "I'll fall shuah an' break my neck off."

"Honey bruddeh," he pleaded seeing Moses made no effort to help him, "won't yo' please help me down?"

"Yo' nebeh call me dat name "Bullrushes" no moah ef I help yo?" asked Moses showing the whites of his eyes in the moon light.

"No, nebah!" promised Aaron.

"Cross yo' heart?"

"Yes, sah!"

"Den I help yo' down, Buddy," and Moses, with many smiles placed two poles against the dead limb.

After much struggling Aaron freed himself from his uncomfortable position and descended to the ground.

The coon, for some reason, had left the hole and gone out on a limb. Moses with a stout club climbed after his relative and with a single blow knocked him to the ground where Tige soon finished him.

When the folks came home and saw the coon, old Pikey was going to punish the twins for disobedience but Aaron made it alright by saying: "Dad, dat dog jes' cavort an' cavort aroun' de house so we—uns couldn't sleep. He gib us no res' till we took him coon huntin': Feel 'e n. See how fat dat coon am', dad!"

PAUL E. BARR. '11.

Widower Parsons' Proposal

IT was Wednesday, and every thing seemed to go wrong; at least that was what the Widow Perkins thought about it. She had not done as much work that week as she had expected to do because it seemed that everybody was in the notion of making calls and everybody visited her first.

She had just bidden good-by to one caller and had gone to the kitchen to begin work again when she glanced out of the window and saw the Widower Parsons coming down the road. Looking mad as a hornet she stepped to the back door and called to the lank youth chopping wood, "William Henry, you've worked hard enough for one day. Come in and rest."

"Guess that's the first time you ever thought I needed a rest since I was born. I'll keep right on chopping till you get through acceptin' old Hull," he replied, where upon the Widow slammed the door and looked twice as mad as before.

"Mornin', Widdy," remarked the Widower, stalking into the room, taking a chair without an invitation, and hanging his hat on his knee.

"Cold day," he added cheerfully. The widow nodded shortly, at the same time inwardly prophesying a still colder day for him before he got away from there.

"Been buyin' a new cow," resumed the caller impressively.

"Have eh?" returned the widow, with a jerk, bringing out the ironing board and slamming it down on the table.

"An' two hogs," went on the widower, wishing the widow would glance at him just once and see how affectionate he looked.

"They'll make pork enough to last all next winter and spring."

"Will eh?" responded the widow, with a bang of the iron that nearly wrecked the table.

"An' a—a—lot o' odd things 'round the house; an' the fact is, widdy, you see—that is—you know—was going to say if you'll agree"— the widower lost his words, and in his desperation hung his hat on the other knee and moved a little nearer the ironing board.

"No, Hull Parsons, I don't see a single mite nor I don't know a particle, an' I 'anit agreein' the least bit," snapped the widow, pounding the creases out of the table cloth.

"But say, widdy, don't get riled so soon," again ventured Parsons. "I was goin' to tell you that I've been proposin' to Carpenter Brown to build a new——"

"Is that all the proposin' you've done in the last five months, Hull Parsons?" she demanded stormily. "You ain't asked every old maid 'round here to marry you, have you Hull Parsons?" And you didn't tell the last one you proposed to that if she didn't take you there would be only one more chance left—that old pepper-box of a widow Perkins? You didn't say that, now, did you, Hull Parsons?" And the widow's eyes and voice snapped fire all at once.

The caller turned several different shades of red and realized that he had struck the biggest snag he'd ever struck in any courting career, past or present. He laughed violently for a second or two, tried to hang his hat on both knees at the same time

and finally sunk his voice to a confidential undertone: "Now, Widdy, that's the women's way o' puttin' it. They've been jealous o' you all 'long, for they knew where my heart was sot. I wouldn't married one o' them women for nothin;" added the widower, with another hitch toward the ironing board.

"Huh?" responded the widow, loosing a little of her warlike cast of countenance. 'S'pose all the women hadn't refused you, Hull Parsons, what then?" "They didn't refuse me, Widdy," returned the widower' trying to look sheepish. and dropping his voice an octave lower.

"S'pose I hadn't oughter tell on 'em but—er can you keep a secret, Widdy?" "I hain't like the one who can't," she remarked shortly.

"Well then, I was the one who did the refusin'—the hull gang went fer me right heavy, guess 'cause 'twas leap year, or they was tryin' on some o' them new women's ways, or somethin' like that. But my mind was sot all along, dye see?"

And the Widow Perkins invited Widower Parsons to stay to dinner because she thought she saw.

Ethel M. Bolton, '09.

Skating

WHAT sport is there that can compare with skating for fun and healthfulness combined? No time or season is unsuitable for this delightful sport. To be sure the same kind of skates are not used the whole year through; but the exercise is nearly the same, whether skimming over the smooth, glassy ice, or gliding along the even pavement of a city street.

Possibly the old-fashioned skating in the crisp winter air, on well sharpened runners, is a trifle to be preferred. We all like to look back to some bright moon-light night, when the ice was at its best. That night stands out alone as a red-letter frolic in our minds.

On the banks, at short distances from each other, were the roaring fires, piled high with brush from the neighboring woods. Here we warmed our fingers and toes when exercise failed to do it; and here the candy and pickles, which the boys bought at the country store were eaten. This is only one of the many jolly things that King Winter always brings to the boys and girls who live in the northern states.

Not a year rolls around but at the first approach of cold weather thousands of young people bring out their last year's skates, rub off the rust, if any has chanced to gather on them, and give the runners a good sharpening, in readiness for the first skating that shall come.

Such fine skates are used now-a-days too! Twenty years ago they were clumsy and ill-fitting, compared with those used now. One's fingers became very cold in the long time it took to adjust the straps with which they were fastened and these had to be pulled very tightly too, or the skates would slip and land their luckless owner on his nose when he least expected such a mishap. Now it is "presto change"! and the skate is well on the boot, with no chance of its giving way.

Florence Illges, '10.

Life of General John Tipton.

The following is a Review of M. W. Pershing's "Life of General John Tipton."

GENERAL JOHN TIPTON was the son of Joshua and Jeanette Tipton and was born August, 14, 1786 in the eastern part of Tennessee. The Indians were still the prevailing element in Tennessee and it was during a raid of the Cherokee Indians that Joshua Tipton was killed. At this time John was only seven years old. They managed to eke out an existance until John was twenty-one years of age, when he with his mother and family moved to Indiana. Here he was the chief support of the family, and by repairing guns and working as a farm-hand he was enabled to buy a farm of fifty acres.

Tipton soon became a leader in the community, because the settlers were in constant fear of Indians, horse-thieves and desperadoes and he was found to be an indefatigable enemy to Indians and evil-doers.

In 1809 John Tipton became a member of a company of mounted riflemen for active service in Indian warfare. This company formed an important factor in the war of 1812, when it marched against the hostile Indians on the Wabash river. During this expedition John Tipton kept a daily journal which is now on file with the Historical Society at Indianapolis. This shows that Tipton was an uneducated man though there is method and system in all his records. It is written with evident modesty but his ability and adaptability assert themselves continually.

The battle grounds where Tipton fought during this war were afterwards bought by him for no other reason than that they contained the bones of his comrades. He was asked by the governor to sell the battle-ground land but he refused the offer and donated it to the state.

In the latter part of the year 1812, General Tipton made an expedition to Driftwood Ford on White River where the Indians were giving the farmers much trouble, but they had evidently heard what kind of a red skin hunter he was and had stolen away, never to return.

The next year Tipton was promoted to the rank of major and was located at Fort Vallonia. In one of his scouting expeditions he met and engaged in battle with a party of Indians on an island in White River. They fled and several of them were killed and wounded. A few more were drowned in attempting to swim across the river but Tipton did not lose a man.

In 1813 the Indians were still troublesome toward the north and Tipton was sent to subdue them. The Indians were severely punished and by the middle of the summer all signs of trouble disappeared.

In 1816 Indiana became a state. At the first election held in Harrison county

John Tipton was elected Sheriff and was later re-elected. In the state election held in 1819 he was elected a Representative to the State Legislature and to this office also received a re-election.

In 1820, Tipton with several other men, was appointed by the governor to select and locate a site for the new capitol for the state. Through Tipton's influence Indianapolis was selected.

In 1823 Tipton was appointed Indian Agent for the Pottawatomie and Miami Indians by President Monroe. He was located at Fort Wayne and made his home in the old block house.

While he was officiating in this capacity he was appointed by the President to be on a committee to make a treaty with the Indians for the remaining part of the state. This was done. Tipton finally made the Indians feel the fairness of the treaty and in September, 1838, he started to the far west with 859 men, women and children.

About 1834 he was selected Senator from Indiana and while he held this office he became a fast friend of President Andrew Jackson. After his retirement from the United States Senate Tipton refused a re-election and came back to Indiana with the intention of leading a private life.

General Tipton was married twice. His first wife was his cousin Miss Jennie Shields. She was the mother of two sons. His second wife was Miss Matilda Spencer and to them were born three children, two boys and a girl.

Mrs. Matilda Tipton died February 14, 1839 and on April 4, less than two months afterward, her husband died after a very brief illness. Thus ended an eventful, useful and honorable life.

He never forgot those who were in arms against the Indians with him and his respect for his dead comrades was so strong that when a new county was organized he urged that it be named for one of them. He was so unselfish that he never asked that any county be named for himself and it was never suggested during his life. The nearest he came to having his name perpetuated, was when he donated thirty acres of ground to Bartholomew County for a county seat, with the understanding that the town be named "Tiptona" but for political reasons the name was changed to Columbus. Tipton was very much chagrined over the change and lost interest in the town. It is said he never visited it again.

Five years after his death Tipton County was organized and it was suggested that he be honored by giving it his name. Thus it was, that after he had passed from an eventful career, he was honored by the naming of a county and city in his memory and the citizens of Tipton and Tipton County are proud of the name.

CLYROL FOSTER, '08.

The Downfall of Sam

Tiny little boy,
Face just like an elf,
Standing on tiptoe,
Gazing at the shelf.

Brave little boy,
Contemplates how far
He will have to climb,
To reach a certain jar.

Happy little boy,
Face all smeared with jam—
How I envy you,
Contented, joyous Sam.

Gleeful little boy,
Diving in for more,
Alas! his balance lost,
He falls upon the floor.

Startled little boy,
Knows his joy is o'er,
For Grandma, stick in hand,
Is standing at the door.

Sorrowful little boy,
With covers all tucked in,
Has to miss his supper
And think about his sin.

MORAL:

When stealing jam,
Don't try to cram,
Or you'll come to grief,
Like little Sam.

GLADYS MOUNT.

The Story of the Man in the Moon.

ONE time when I was a very little girl there was an old Greek peddler who stopped at the school house and told us some very interesting stories. One was about the moon. It was as follows: Many years ago when the world was young and there was no moon or stars, there were two young lovers. But Fate was against them and the young man died. This grieved the girl so greatly that she prayed to Jupiter to let her die also. He heeded her prayers, but tried to find some other way of comforting her, so he sent Mercury down to Hades to visit King Pluto.

He would not consent to let the young man go back to earth again, but instead allowed Jupiter to transfix him in the sky. This he did but seeing that the sky was so dark at night, illuminated the face, and declared that this should shine only at night. He next transformed the girl into a star and placed her with the moon. Often we cannot see the moon as he some times turns away his face and makes love to the beautiful little star by his side.

MABEL A. KLEYLA. '09

His First Attempt.

LITTLE Eugene considered himself far above four years and kilt dresses as he entered the great lighted church and followed his father to one of the seats near the front. It was Christmas Eve and the entertainment was to be given by the children. Eugene began to feel a little bit queer now, for the lights and festoons of cedar and, greatest of all, the Christmas tree glittering in the light of its countless star-like candles, were grander than even his vivid imagination had contemplated.

Now the service began and as the great organ pealed forth and the audience with one accord joined in the opening hymn, Eugene could hardly refrain from shouting. Then, one by one, the little speakers made their bows and recited. This was the part for which Eugene had been waiting so impatiently. To-night he was to speak for the first time and although the director and his parents had at first hesitated about giving their consent, he had begged so earnestly and worked so carefully on his little speech, that they could not refuse him.

"Now, papa, is it my time? Did you tell Mr. Brown I was here? Can they see me from the stage?" These and other questions were addressed in rapid succession to his father who sat quiet, quiet and intent on the different scenes on the stage.

At last Eugene heard his name called, and almost as in a dream, he jumped down from his seat and with head very erect, proudly marched up to the stage and out before the audience. O how many faces there were in that church, all in one great blur! How different from his appearance before only Mamma and Papa, to say his four lines of poetry. If only Papa were not so far away or the great curtain were moved out so he could step back of it. But he must do something. Suddenly he decided on retreat at any cost. The queer little puckers around his mouth widened and bursting in tears he slipped down from the stage and ran straight to his father where, with face buried on his arm, he sobbed brokenly "Papa—I could—a said it—but—they was all a-lookin' at me so."

EDNA DOVERSBERGER, '08.

"Bronte's Visit to Our School."

BRONTE was only a dog, yet her visit caused more comment, wonder, admiration and pleasure than that of any human visitor during the year.

Bronte became acquainted with many of us without even the formality of an introduction. She trotted about over the assembly room, wagging her tail at every one who smiled at her. During the morning exercises Bronte gave a short exhibition of her skill by adding, multiplying and subtracting numbers in a way that put some High School pupils to shame. All the students agreed with Professor Patterson that a recitation period might be pleasantly and profitably spent with Bronte as entertainer.

Accordingly Bronte reappeared just after dinner and judging by her activity had partaken of a light repast. At one o'clock after the first and second grade pupils were also seated in the assembly room, Bronte took the platform and proceeded to continue her exhibition. A few of the unbelievable things performed were the addition, subtraction and multiplication of numbers, in any manner so that the final answer would be seven or less; the changing of five, ten and twenty dollar bills without hesitation; counting buttons on coats; answering questions intelligently and announcing numbers which were neither heard nor seen by her. Each answer was given in barks, one bark meant ONE, two barks, TWO, etc; if a word would answer the question the number of letters in the word were barked, the question always being so stated that the answer could only be given by one certain word. Numbers of more than one digit were given by barking the numbers in their order from left to right. Bronte was able to distinguish colors, tell how many days in the week, Sundays in the month and year, in fact almost anything that is knwon by the beginning pupils of our schools.

The most interesting and away feature about this dog however was her ability to declare from the appearance of a girl's face whether or not she was in love. Of a half dozen Junior girls standing, Bronte declared that all except one were in love. When this remarkable girl was asked to come to the platform every one held his breath. After some hesitation (she was not quite sure) Miss Opal Pence advanced to the rostrum amid the applause of the entire school. Many were pleased to learn that there was still one girl in the High School who had managed to reach the Junior Class without falling in love, but the majority of the students only regretted that Bronte did not examine the faces of the Senior girls and the esteemed lady teachers.

During the period Mr. McCormick, Bronte's owner and trainer, also delightfully entertained us by his clever imitations of the songs of birds, the noises made by a fly in flight, the buzzing of mill-saws, the ascension of sky rockets and many other common noises.

No one was able to notice any signs of communication between Mr. McCormick and his dog, though many doubted his assertion that the number of barks was communicated to the animal by mental telepathy. Even after the explanation of Bronte's wonderful deeds there was still a feeling of mystery about the dog's intelligence.

Everyone profited by the entertainment because it showed what patient training will do, even in a dumb animal. It also impressed upon us that animals certainly have some mental power and that they should be humanely treated.

RALPH E. RICHMAN, '08.

The Farmer's Boy.

THE happiest person on earth is a farmer's boy between the ages of six and twelve years. His life is one continual round of pleasure. He has no cares to disturb his mind. He is just nature's boy. All he has to do is to study nature and he is always informed. In the summer all the clothing that he wants is a pair of overalls, a shirt and a broad brimmed straw hat. He would have no room for a fine white shirt and stand-up collar; they would not last him a day. His day's work is to do a few odd jobs for his mother, and then he starts out to play. You can find him almost any place, roaming around in the woods or playing in the near by creek. He always has as his friend a faithful shepherd dog. When he goes to the house after his day's play, he will play with his cat until bed-time, then he goes to bed and dreams of what he has done that day and what he would like to do the next. The next morning will find him up with the sun, ready for another day's sport and air castle building.

RALPH KIRTLEY, '09.

A Soliloquy.

HERE I stand at the very edge of the city and almost without the limits of civilization, it seems to me. How times have changed! Once I was the proud High School building of Tipton. Now I am abandoned to rats and mice who harbor within my walls. How many bright boys and girls have graduated under my protection and how well I remember them! But they are all gone now. One class I remember very clearly, the class of 1908. This was the last class that graduated from within my walls and it was my especial favorite. These generous and noble-hearted boys and girls have gone out into the world and are making records in the great history of our land. There is one old song they sang which still rings in my ears, perhaps because it appeals to me so much now. I can almost hear them singing, "Forsaken, forsaken, forsaken am I like a stone in the cause way, my buried hopes lie."

CHLOE HERSHMAN, '08.

The 1908 Tribe.

AND it came to pass in the fall of the year 1904 A. D., during the reign of Isaac I. that a great multitude of youths and maidens from all parts of the town and country round-about took up their abode in the Tipton High School for four long years. And they were pleasing in the sight of their king, for in them he saw great possibilities for the future and he was exceeding glad.

But it so happened that several fell by the wayside in their High School journey; and, sad to say, the intellectual enthusiasm of the multitude began to wane somewhat, for often they had mischief in their hearts and sought out the pleasures of life. Now the king and his elders were very wroth and there was much shaking of heads and wagging of tongues but all to no avail, for these children were developing wills and minds of their own.

Howere this was a wonderful and an excellent tribe and great and exceptional were the deeds they did throughout their abode in this school.

Now it came to pass in the second year of their abode their king took them on a botanical trip through the woods. As they were crossing a flood-gate over a running stream the gate gave way and great was the splash thereof and there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth, both from the king and the tribe.

And it came to pass at the beginning of the third year of their inhabitation Charles I. came to throne and great was the rejoicing of the tribe and during his reign they grew and waxed strong for great was the goodness of the king and his rulers.

During their third year these youths and maidens were sometimes inclined to false transportation in Latin. This came to the ears of the king and he was much wroth and summoned this tribe into his holy sanctuary and rebuked them and they were filled with sorrow because of their wickedness, therefore the king forgave them and loved them dearly.

From this time forth the tribe did right in the sight of the king and his rulers and hearkened unto their voices to the best of their abilities and great was their reward (?)

Now it came to pass that the greatness of this tribe, in the fourth year of their abode, was more than any other tribe heretofore, for they numbered twenty and two. And they took it upon themselves to do something which had never been done heretofore. They brought to their treasuary, each one of his own accord, two hundred and seventy-five pennies, even so much, and bought them a class-pin as a reward for their four years labor; and they strove to put forth an annual, the greatness of which had never been equalled at any period before this in the High School.

And it came to pass that when the time for them to depart drew nigh they were exceeding sorry and they took up their belongings and went forth unto all parts of the world and they waxed strong and grew and their fame spread throughout all the world, even to the most remote parts of the world.

NELL F. SMITH, '08.

The Mystery of the House at Woody Glen.

TO begin with it was an old, old fashioned house with its spacious rooms and old time furniture and a very fitting place in which weird scenes might take place. A traveller passing by for the first time, although he might not have heard its strange story, nevertheless felt that there is something supernatural about the place. It's large unkept lawns and the tall cedar trees through which the wind would moan and sigh; even the dark formidable appearance of the house itself added to it's gloom. It had been owned by a Mr. Randall, a wealthy old gentleman from New York, who, desiring seclusion had come to this little out of the way place. A few years after this he had been murdered in his own bed chamber. No one knew by whom and no clue could be found to the mystery. People had ceased to talk of it now, but by many people the place was considered to be haunted.

At the time of this story a nephew, Mark Randall and his young bride were living there. A number of their friends from New York had run down to spend an evening with them. After a very merry evening, they were all ready to retire about eleven o'clock.

By chance Miss Rayder was given the room in which Mr. Randall had been murdered. She, being worn out, soon sank into a sleep which was troubled by dreams. About twelve o'clock she was awakened by a sound as if some one were in the room; she opened her eyes and at first saw nothing but she was sure she heard low murmurs and presently she saw two men in the opposite side of the room. They had their backs toward her, but just then one turned around—what a sight she saw!—by the dim light of the moon she recognized the features of Mr. Randall; but oh, the hollow cheeks and sunken eyes and the look of death on his face! Now the other one had turned around too; she scarely dared breathe she was so terror striken. She shuddered inwardly at the wicked gleam in his eye as he raised his dagger. Just at that moment the bed creaked, he started up and looked her square in the eye, then started toward her—but she knew no more. When she came to herself it was daylight. She got up and dressed but she trembled so, that she could scarcely stand. When she got down stairs, they were all at breakfast. She entered and quietly took her place. "Why Kate," said her brother, "what is the matter? You are white as a sheet and look how you are trembling." When she had gained sufficient control of herself she told them of what had happened. They all laughed at her and said it was a nightmare. But Mark suddenly turned white when she described the man with the dagger. He questioned her carefully about the man, and when she said there was a scar over his left eye he said:

"That settles it—can you be ready, Shirley, to go to New York right away? I'm going away for a short time and you can stay with the girls."

"Why, Mark," she said, "what do you mean?"

"Never mind now, Shirley, I've found a clue to Uncle's death and I must go away, and I wouldn't think of letting you stay here."

So the party only too gladly broke up and they all took the first train to New York. On their way Mark told them of a distant relative with whom Mr. Randall had had some trouble and who answered to Kate's description exactly.

Detective's were sent out in search of the man. About three months later he was found in the western part of the United States. When questioned closely he at first denied any knowledge of the matter, but when he found that he was trapped he told, how he had stolen some money several times from Mr. Randall. Mr. Randall had not exposed him for the sake of concealing the disgrace, but at last his patience had been exhausted and he had threatened to expose him. Knowing that he would keep his word, he had murdered him, and then fled west. He told how on the very same night that Miss Rayder had had this strange experience he had dreamed of being in that room with Mr. Randall and of being discovered.

This is the story of the mystery of the house at Woody Glen.

ALTA MOUNT, '09.

The Rhine-Gold.

HUNDREDS of years ago, there lived in the Rhine River three very beautiful maidens. They were never seen out of the river and they ate, slept, and played in its depths. For this reason they were called the Rhine-Daughters.

There were many rocks in this river and the Rhine-Daughters were very fond of playing on them. On the highest of these rocks was what this story is about,—a lump of pure gold. It was known as the Rhine-Gold. When the father of these maidens died, he told them to be sure to watch and guard the Rhine-Gold.

One bright morning when the Rhine-Daughters were dancing and singing around the Rhine-Gold, they heard a voice. When they turned to see who was there they could see no one. Presently they heard the voice again, and on looking down the stream, they saw a very ugly dwarf approaching. He was so ugly that at first he frightened the Rhine-Daughters. This little black dwarf was Alberich, King of the Nibelungs and his home was away beneath the earth, far away from the sunshine and happiness up above.

Alberich heard of the Rhine-Gold and he asked the maidens to tell him about it. The maidens were always eager to tell of this gold so they told him its story. They told him that whoever could gain possession of the gold could make it into a magic ring that would make him master of all earthly powers except love. Of course the ugly dwarf did not care for love and before the maidens knew it, he had stolen the gold and disappeared beneath the surface of the river. The Rhine-Daughters mourned very sadly for their treasure and thereafter they were very rarely seen playing on the rocks.

On the top of a high mountain lived some very wise giants whose king was Wotan. For a long time he had wanted a palace large enough for all the giants to live in but he could never find any one strong enough to build it. One morning a big giant, ten times larger than any of them appeared in their midst. This giant's name was Fafner and he told Wotan that in a single night he would build him a palace that would cover the whole mountain top providing that he would give him his beautiful sister. Without thinking, Wotan promised to give him his sister as soon as the house was finished.

In the morning when the palace was finished Fafner came to take Wotan's sister. Wotan saw how foolish he was to make such a promise and he tried to get out of it. This made Fafner very angry and he threatened to tear the palace down. Now. Wotan's brother had a plan by means of which he proposed to save the sister. He had heard the Rhine-Daughters lamenting of the loss of their gold, so he proposed to go and take the gold and offer it to Fafner instead of his sister.

Fafner very readily consentsd to this but he kept the sister until he received the gold. Wotan and his brother went down into the lower world at once. to the kingdom of Alberich. They forced Alberich to give up the magic ring and the gold and also a magic helmet. Alberich objected very much to giving up the ring but finally he did so with these words,—"Cursed is that ring. It will bring only sorrow and unhappiness to the one how may possess it."

The gaints hurried back to Fafner with the gold. He made them make a pile of it as high as their sister's head before he gave her back. The gaints were very hap-

py to get their sister back but there remained in Wotan's heart a queer and heavy feeling and again he heard the voice, "Cursed is that ring! It will only bring sorrow to the one who possess it."

DANE PATTERSON, '10.

The Jesuit Missionary.

THE Jesuit missionaries were among the most praise-worthy characters in early American history. They were men of brilliant intellect and great learning, who gave up all the comforts of life in their homes in France to come to America, at that time a trackless waste of forest; to endure all the privations of cold and hunger; to brave the horrors of captivity and torture by hostile Indians.

It took the greatest courage to go out from home to such a land, for before they started they knew the whole extent of their privations. Indeed in the great Seminary of Sulpicius in Paris the instruments of torture were shown, and they were told of the horrible tortures devised by the Indians. They must have been men of great courage who would start out fully expecting death, if only they could bring a few souls to know God. That this expectation was not unfounded is shown by the records of that time. Tales of the horrors they endured are told in history.

The first Europeans who penetrated the Canadian forest and discovered the Great Lakes and Niagara Falls were these missionaries, drawn westward by the tales of friendly Indians. It was a Jesuit missionary, Marquette, who first sailed down the Mississippi. History owes a great debt to them as they always recorded their experiences and discoveries for the greater knowledge of mankind.

RAYMOND MCARDLE, '09.

The Discovery.

IT is a quiet scene of Christmas Eve. A bright light burns near the window of a richly furnished room, giving a dim outline of it, and casts its glow upon the bright frost crystals on the broad window pane. On the opposite side of the room, in a shaded corner, a tall, dark figure is dimly outlined, moving stealthily about a minature fir tree and trimming it with tiny glittering objects. A quiet smile plays over the worker's face as he arranges the tree and then a few bright toys about it.

Presently the door moves back an inch or two and two bright eyes peer eagerly through the opening. Then a face appears in which the look of curiosity gives place to one of surprise as though it were caused by the shock of a great revelation. All caution seems to have been lost and as the door opens slowly on its creaking hinges a little white gowned figure, barefoot and with tousled curls as though just roused from sleep glides into the room and startles the mid-night worker in these troubled tones "why—why, papa is Santa Claus!"

EDNA DOVERSBERGER, '08.

Extracts From A Diary.

The following Extracts from the Dairy of Gladys Mount were stolen by a Senior boy. As the culprit could not be found out we have presumed upon the author's good nature and ventured to publish them.

The Editors

MAY 25. Good-bye Tipton for the summer. Am on my way to "The Great Northwest." Before I left the station I had six boxes of candy given me; it will surely last me awhile. The crowd on our Pullman seems to be very nice. I have had a fine time to-day. It is the best place in the world to meet so many different types of people. One old fellow, everytime the conductor came in, asked if we had crossed the river yet and at last the conductor said: "What river, do you want to cross, the river Jordan? There is one "fixy" old lady that calls me everytime before she goes to dinner to see if her cap is on straight or if her powder is on even. All the time I am talking to her she says:—"Dear me," "Goodness gracious." "Do tell" and "I must tell my nephew when I get to Portland." Everytime I say anything to anyone on our car they answer: "I must tell my nephew when I get to Portland."

May 28. Just think! This time to-morrow I will be in Washington. I got off at Pocotella, Idaho. They were having a street fair. The town was full of Indians in their blankets and feathered hats. The old squaws were standing around with their little black-eyed papoose strapped on their backs and dirty, ragged children clinging to their skirts, looking with wondering eyes on the crowds.

The mountains are such deceiving things; sometimes they look so close and yet are so far away. This morning a "green easterner" decided to walk over to the mountains before breakfast, while the train was waiting for freight. What do you think! It was ten miles; that poor fellow is still walking, but we are speeding on our way. Poor fellow! I am already in love with the grand, glorious west.

June 5. I have been in Walla Walla a week and my, the good times I have been having. I know so many dandy people.

Ralph and I went driving this afternoon and I went horse-back riding this evening. It was fine. Huge trees grew on each side of the road making a delightful shade and the mountains in the distance, in their robes of blue, made a pretty sight. I got so many beautiful flowers and the largest cherries I ever saw.

June 17. There was a crowd of boys and girls invited out to Bernice's Aunt's today. They have a beautiful little lake and grove. The girls got dinner on the camp-

ing stove and we ate in the big tent for it rained "pitch forks" at noon. We had a circus. The boys had to wash the dishes. My! some of them were awkward.

Hattie gave a dinner for me this evening. We had a fine time. It has cleared off so nice. It's just fine. I read Abe Martin's funny sayings to Beth. One thing he said that struck me as being funny was—"Dock Mopps is gettin' up a cure fer the "Jest fine" habit, now so common among girls. "You kin administer it secretly in a nut sundae or a powder rag." I think I need to try it. To-night we all went to the concert. The music was so fine that I am enjoying its melody yet.

June 11. Well I am way up among the mountains. Would you believe it, I got off at six and went at far as Milton, Oregon on the car, then took a great big hack and drove ten miles to our camp. I shall never forget the ride up the mountain roads, (it was delightfully bumpy,) nor the peaches Kenneth and I got at the Ranch house. There are lots of campers here. I know I am going to have a dandy time. There is a beautiful summer home here belonging to the Cookerleys.

Our camp is just grand. We have a great big tent twelve feet wide and thirty feet long. Then we have a dining tent and by the way, I spend a great deal of my time in there. Melvin caught seventy fish yesterday and I am trying to do my share in reducing the number. To-night all the campers had a big camp-fire and we told stories and roasted apples. Then all the young people went to Cookerleys bungalow and gave a concert. Then we made fudge. We had oceans of fun.

July 20. Rachel and I went horse-back riding down the canyon this morning. I wonder if my Tipton friends would know me in my cowboy suit and hat racing down this pass on a mountain pony. I am so tanned I am afraid they would take me for an Indian.

We went way up the river hunting and fishing to-day. I never had a better time in my life. Coming home I fell in the river, but you can't drown me. We shot a rattle snake with eight rattlers. Kenneth was in front and I was next in the narrow path, the forest on one side and an abrupt cliff down to the river on the other. We saw it and heard it rattle. The girls didn't scream, oh, no!

They are going to have a party for me at the Uppington camp to-morrow night. The mail has come. Goodie! Eight letters!

July 29. The canyon was just gorgeous this morning at sunrise. Some of us got up early and walked the Flume, a box six feet deep and four feet wide built along the mountain side, with the water rushing like torrents in it, which is carried from the Walla Walla river down to the electric power-horse. The plank on which we walked was very narrow and I tell you it was exciting to be way up there, and gaze down at the rushing river. There is the finest spring up there, and delicious berries.

Well I have climbed a really truly high mountain and oh, how tired I am. There was quite a crowd started but only a few reached the top but yours truly was there alright. For guide we had one of the boys who was familiar with the mountain trail. We had ropes around our waists and had climbing sticks. All the girls wore bloomers. Such slipping and sliding I never saw. But it was worth all the scratches when we reached the top at sunset. The view was splendid. Away to the north-west you could see the Columbia river shimmering in the sunset.

If it is a hard matter to climb a mountain it is harder to keep from coming down. I tell you when at last I slid down the last mound into the dusty road I thought I was walking on a feather-bed.

To-morrow I leave the mountains and in two weeks start for home. I shall never forget the delightful times I have had in the mountains of Oregon.

DYED---A partly true story.

"Any pretty girls round here, Ben?"
"Yep."
"Know 'em?"
"You bet."
"Sociable?"
"Some is. Some ain't? Why so?"
"Just wondered. Topic of general interest to me."

This brief dialogue took place between two cousins early one Sunday morning as they were feeding the stock. Ned Johnson was visiting his cousin Ben Johnson for the first time in his life and he and Ben being almost the same age, naturally had many interests in common. Ned was the only son of Judge Johnson of Jamesville, New Jersey and was a source of wonder to the rather "backwoodsey" Ben, as he expressed it.

The boys finished feeding then went to the house to dress for church. In the meantime Ned was thinking to himself.

"By George! I'd like to get me a girl while I'm here. It would be such fun to show these little innocent country girls a thing or two. I don't know anything about them but I've always heard they're great jokes—nice and all that but sorter green. Blush when you make love to them and think you're dead in earnest. Ha! ha! By George! I'm going to make a hit with the prettiest one I see and pretend I'm dead in love. Gee won't it be fun! I'll have something to tell the boys at home then. I'll be here more'an a month and——. But I mustn't let Ben know I'm only flirtin' or he'll buck right away."

Thus tho't the young and vain Ned.

As they rode to church Ned said.

"Say, Ben, any girls around here close 'ats pretty?"

"Yep. Why so? Must be awfully interested in the girls. Well so'm. I guess 'bout all fellars our age are."

"Yep," answered Ned, but he was thinking some were very much wiser than Ben. "Why I'd like to get up a case while I'm here."

"Case? What's that?"

"Well I mean I'd like to go with some girl. Do you suppose I could? Introduce me to some of them will you?"

"Yep," answered Ben, becoming interested. "Say I'll tell you: Bellairs live just halfmile from us and they's two awful purty girls there. Maybe we could call there this evening."

"Lets," agreed Ned.

Luckily the girls were at church and gave the boys permission to call that evening. Ned had chosen the prettiest one of the two and tho't he saw in her the realization of his scheme for a great flirtation on his side. He dressed with great care expecting to overwhelm and immediately capture her heart by his grand appearance.

Now this all happened some years ago when it was stylish for men to wear linen trousers. Ben's were homespun while Ned's were not and were very expensive for those days.

They reached Bellairs a little after dark and were admitted into a small room, their parlor, the appearance of which almost caused Ned's heart to fail, but he immediately regained his courage when he looked into Sally Ann's pretty brown eyes.

There were only three chairs in the room. In one corner set a loom and near it was a large kettle covered with a board. Ned very gallantly claimed this seat, against the protest of the girls.

Conversation was moving at a lively rate and Ned was beginning to think the girls "would do" after all, and was thinking of the little love speeches he would whisper into Sally Ann's pretty pink ear the first-time he took her riding, when suddenly he felt the board under him give way and he splashed into the kettle filled with——he didn't know what till Sally Ann screamed.

"Oh maw's dye!"

He got up as quickly as possible, grabbed his hat and started for the door leaving a streak of blue dye after him. He never once stopped 'til he reached home.

After some time Ned murmured as the humorous side of the accident dawned upon him.

"That case was dyed and is dead."

NELL F. SMITH.

A Poem.

I dreamed I sat in the window seat
And gazed with weary eyes,
On the lonesome, barren, empty street
And the dull, gray, dreary skies.
There was not a leaf on shrub or tree,
And the grass was brown and sere,
And the mourning wind made moan to me,
That the cold long winter was here.
A great sob came from my lonesome heart,
Then a bird began to sing,
And I knew him to be, by his beautiful art,
God's herald of the Spring.

But, lo! when the mist had cleared away,
My tears no longer near,
I saw in bright and rich array
Little green buds appear.
On every shrub and every tree,
Before my very eyes,
They opened with a laugh of glee,
To leaves of natural size.
The grass turned green, the sun shone bright,
And my heart began to sing—
This beautiful dream on that cold dark night
Was God's herald of the spring.

GLADYS MOUNT.

High School Autographs

"Sign here, please!"

Athletics

ATHLETICS
BELOVED SON OF
T.H.S
DIED
IN THE YEAR A.D 1907
"Every dog has its day"
ATHLETICS
INDIANA ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
P.C. SALTER

CALENDAR

Calendar Notes

SEPTEMBER

2nd. All assemble at the old school building.
3rd. Rent books.
4th. Students become acquainted with the new members of the faculty.
5th. Professor Patterson gives a talk on "The Worth of a Man."
6th. Mr. Highley gives a lecture on "The Use of Translations."
9th. Senior class election.
10th. New music teacher arrives.
11th. Miss Dickerson forgets how to spell "Monarch." Asks Maude K.
12th. Everyone freezing. No fire.
13th. Prof. Patterson gives T. H. S. a talk on the discipline of Elwood H. S.
16th. Mamie Moore, (in Latin IV) "They stood with ears erect."
17th. Miss Morgan asks Maude K. to tell the story of "Ruth."
18th. Seniors assigned places in Chemistry Laboratory and advised to procure aprons.
19th. Mamie Moore, (in English IV) "In the time of chancer they ate soup with their fingers."
20th. Miss Morgan lectures Seniors on manners.
23rd. Miss Towne tells the juniors they are the noisiest class she has.
24th. Floyd R. wears a crazy-patch tie.
25th. Ralph Kemp (in Latin II) "Miss Towne, I don't understand how to give the hypothesis (synopis) of these verbs."
26th. Mr. Highley gives lecture. How strange!
27th. Mamie M. wears a new dress.

OCTOBER

1 st. Senior girls have their pictures taken at Buck Creek.
3rd. Mr. Highley sends Ethel O. and Ruth M. home for being late (wonder why?)
4th. John D. falls down stairs.
7th. Ralph Kemp talks about "tub sopics" in English II.
8th. Miss Morgan says Lodelle H. is a disturbing element in class.
9th. Raymond Mc. comes to school with a new tie-pin. Girls all try to "swipe" it.
10th. Espy K. upsets the paste-jar.
11th. Ralph R. tells Miss Dickerson how to solve Physics problems.

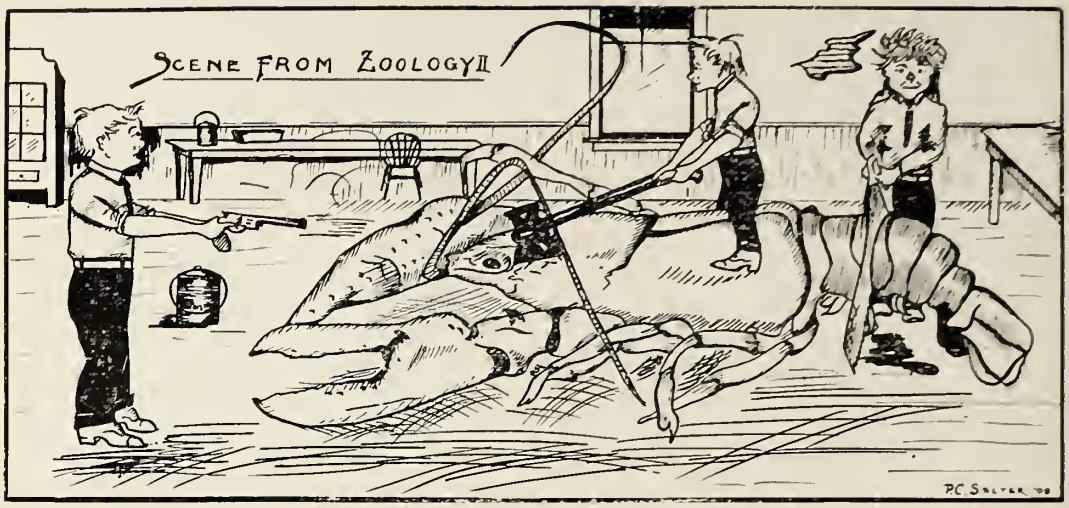
14th. Roderick R. comes to school with his hair powdered and curled.
15th. Mr. Pershing presents the H. S. with a Union Jack and a sailor's hat band.
16th. Okla H. asks Miss Dickerson if a "merry-go-round" would be an example of centrifugal force.
17th. Juniors have oral themes. All are "stage-struck."
18th. Mr. Highley says that nobody but Seniors are allowed to fall in love.
21 st. Somebody visited the school house last night. Wonder who?
22nd. Everybody goes to Buck Creek.
23rd. Lecture as usual.
24th. Prof. Patterson tells about the tobacco habit.
25th. Monthly exams——
28th. Buck Creek moved. Seniors wear black.
29th. Mr. Highley advises Seniors to apply a little more mid-night oil.
30th. Sophomores get drunk on alcohol in zoology class.
31st. Zoologists hunt bugs.

NOVEMBER

1st. Leona M. gets patriotic in English III, and entertains the class by singing, "The Good Old U. S. A."
4th. Clyrol F. asks why the janitor always smiles.
5th. Roy S. (in English IV) "She was a rich widower."
6th. Ray B. falls up stairs.
7th. Fern W. wears black.
8th. Clyrol F. becomes a palmist in Chemistry IV.
12th. Earl L's (tie) is so loud the Seniors are not able to study.
13th. Ray B. becomes angry and goes home to "pout."
14th. Agnes L. wears Floyd R. grandmother's tie-pin.
15th. Prof. Patterson plays janitor.
18th. Talk given H. S. by Mr. Watkins on Wordsworth."
19th. Earl J. suffers an attack of "stage fright" while reciting oral compositions in English III.
20th. Mr. Dodds gives H. S. a talk.
21st. Prof. Patterson's coat-tail gets on fire. Miss Hershman goes to his rescue.
22nd. Raymond Mc. stays out of school all morning to get his hair cut.
25th. George Mc. is added to the faculty force to help keep order in the Assembly Room.
26th. Mr. Patterson tells H. S. girls they should not wear short sleeves in winter.
27th. School dismissed at noon for Thanksgiving vacation.

DECEMBER

2nd. Talk given H. S. by Miss Metz of Muncie.
3rd. Mr. Highley reads poem "Questions of Life."
4th. Seniors given Library to hang wraps.
5th. Senior boys have their pictures taken at "New Buck Creek.
6th. The Krumanaker girls come to school with a new head of hair.
9th. Usual lecture.
10th. Zoology class takes up the study of the crayfish.



11th. Jimmy H. gets pinched by a crayfish.
12th. Mr. Highley says "you do not like people when you do not know them and you do not like a study because you do not know it."
13th. Unlucky Friday.
16th. Louise L. tries to run over a "Freshie."
17th. Ralph K. gives a party for Junior boys.
18th. Mr. Highley gives school a lecture. Juniors take it to heart.
19th. Roy S., (in English IV) "The poet is prophesying the fall of Edward III's ancestors."
20th. Freshies write letters to "Santa Claus." School is dismissed for the holidays and only one week vacation.
30th. Students return to school.
31st. Katie H. enters school.

JANUARY

1st. Most of H. S. students take New Year's vacation.
2nd. Mr. Dodds becomes a member of T. H. S. faculty.
3rd. Franklin College Glee Club visit H. S.
6th. Mr. Highley catches Hugh C. reading a five-cent novel. He takes it away and proceeds to read it himself.
7th. Juniors are entertained by Roderick R.
8th. Three new juniors enter H. S.
8th. Chessel U. wears knickerbockers to school.
10th. Chessel U. gets ashamed of being called a "little boy" and dons long trousers.
13th. Okla H. goes to sleep in Physics III and falls off his chair.
14th. Miss Morgan comes to school with her hair curled.
15th. Opal P. asks Mr. Highley if a square is equilateral.
16th. Term exams——
17th. Book renting day.
21st. Program changed Miss Towne forgets to go to Latin IV.
22nd. Mr. Highley gives lecture on deportment in Assembly room.
23rd. Talk given H. S. by Mrs. Parkin Sharritt of Newark, Ohio.

24th. Mr. Ohki, the Japanese gives H. S. a talk and Cora W. mistakes him for Chessel U.
27th. Miss Morgan gives Seniors lecture on the literature they should read.
28th. Mr. Dodds (in Geology I). Does a person die every time he enters Death Gulch?
29th. Japanese lecture by Shinzo Ohki.
30th. Nothing happens.
31st. Ben B. plays janitor.

FEBRUARY

3rd. Everyone busy with exams.
4th. Ben B. buys a tablet for Seniors.
5th. Talk by Mr. Dodds.
6th. Mr. McCormick visits H. S.
7th. Entertainment given by Mr. McCormick and his dog, Bronte.
10th. Floyd R. comes to school with a bandaged eye.
11th. Agnes L. gets angry.
12th. Talk on Abraham Lincoln by Miss Morgan.
13th. George Mc. enjoys a game of polo in English IV.
14th. Freshmen bring their valentines to school.
17th. Jimmy H. has a hair cut.
18th. Juniors are entertained by Margaret Miller.
19th. Hazel Cochran (in Latin II). "He killed great numbers of those flying (fleeing.)
20th. Jimmy H. answers 7 to roll call in Zoology. One prepared on the next lesson.
21st. Floyd W. (in Latin II) translates, "Suo more pacem—(some more peace.)
24th. Mr. Dodds gives H. S. a talk.
25th. Junior boys get their hair cut.
26th. Raymond Mc. informs the class that Tennyson's wife was a woman.
27th. Miss Dickerson gets lonesome and swipes John D's marbles.
28th. Miss Buchanan has the school to sing "My Heart's in the Highland," for the benefit of Frank R.

MARCH

2nd. Seniors study for Latin examinations.
3rd. Fern W. and Nellie S. make "star" speeches in Senior debate.
4th. Prof. Patterson says the Seniors talk like college students.
5th. Chessel U. discovers Roy S. and Cleo T. are not brother and sister.
6th. Seniors make more political speeches.
9th. Lovers begin to haunt Buck Creek.
10th. Roll call at Buck Creek. Everyone present.
11th. Seniors given subjects for final themes.
12th. Two Juniors leave school by request.
13th. Prof. Patterson amuses H. S. by telling stories.
16th. Someone wonders why Miss Buchanan always chooses "Forsaken," as a Monday morning song.
17th. Properly observed by "Wearing of the Green."
18th. Espy K. is chased by a little spider and Mr. P. comes to the rescue.
19th. Byron T. enjoys a game of pool in English IV.
20th. Ray B. gets an invitation to a party.

March 23rd. Lodelle H. comes to Assembly room to rest during Zoology recitation.

March 24th. "Spirits" tamper with Assembly bell at noon hour while teachers are away.

March 25th. Miss Morgan encounters Eugene P. in the library door-way and in his excitement he starts to embrace her.

March 26th. Ralph R. jumps from a table in Chemical Lab. and Mr. Highley rushes to the rescue, thinking there has been an explosion.

March 30th. Another week of exams!

March 31st. Junior pennants arrive and Junior boys challenge H. S. for a ball game to display them.

APRIL

April 1st. April Fool!

April 2nd. Out for spring vacation.

April 6th. Juniors vs. H. S. in base-ball game. Juniors win by a score of 20 to 9.

April 7th. Mabel K. returns to school after a siege of the mumps.

April 8th. Miss Morgan confidently assures Ralph R. that he will understand Carlyle's meaning when he is twenty-five years old.

April 9th. Walter M. looses his final theme.

April 10th. Baseball, T. H. S. vs. K. H. S. Score 5 to 1 in favor of T. H. S.

April 13th. Earl L. acts as flunky for Seniors in Trig IV.

April 14th. Dodds appears in Chemistry apron. Freshmen think he would make a fine looking girl.

April 15th. Zoologists learn to cook frogs.

April 16th. Bertha Russell in her haste to leave English II recitation stumbles over the gas-pipe.

April 20th. Mr. Dodds (calling a Junior down) "I know better than that. I've been through the mill." Junior. "Must have been a wind-mill."

April 21st. Miss Rochte entertains H. S. with readings from Shakespeare.

April 23rd. Dane P. asked to give a sentence using the past tense of "sit" sleepily replies, "The hen set down."

April 24th. Jimmy Hogan walks to school with a girl.

April 27th. A Freshman asked to explain the expression "father of us all" says it refers to George Washington.

April 28th. Emma T. in Latin II "I always get bothered on the 'subdicative' mode."

April 29th. Last Lab. day Seniors make fudge.

April 30th. Senior exams.

MAY

May 1st. Seniors leave T. H. S.

May 3rd. Baccalaureate sermon.

May 4th. Senior seats are empty. "My But This Is a Lonesome Time."

May 6th. Junior Reception.

May 7th. Commencement at the Martz.

May 8th. Alumni Banquet.

Farewell to T. H. S.

JOKES

Jokes!

Miss Morgan, English. IV—What is a manicure parlor?
Ben B—It's a hand laundry.

Miss D. Physics III—Earl, you may bring a bottle in the morning and we—— class laugh.

Mr. Highley—Ruby, why does he place the problem that way?
Ruby D—Cause.
Mr. H—Oh that's a woman's reason. Now lets have a man's reason.
Ruby—Then ask Ralph Kemp.

Mr. H—Algebra I—Zenas, how did you get this answer?
Zenas T—By changing the shine.

Mr. Patterson—Highley, do you know what three animals chew tobacco?
Mr. H—No. What are they?
Mr. P—A long green worm, a goat in South America and High School boys.

Mabel K—I wish I could go to Clark's Hill?
Pearl A—(Blankly.) Why? Who is he? What did he do?

Roy S—Spring is coming.
Will C—How can you tell?
Roy—Because Mamie's switch is turning green.

Paul B—Midterm bookrenting time. "I don't understand about renting our books this time. Do you just unrent them?

Mr. Dodds, History I—After Dido's suitors all left she committed suicide.
Jean J—(anxiously)—Was she insane?
Mr. D—No, she was in love.

Miss Morgan, English III—Ralph, what is the difference between assault and attack?
Ralph K—(astonished) A salt and a tack?

Miss D—Chemistry IV (Abesently glancing down the row of feet in front of her.) "Now graphite is sometimes used for shoe-blacking, also, but not very extensively, I guess."
Floyd R—(drawing back his feet). She's judging from appearances.

Mr. H., Algebra I—Do you all understand these problems?
Harold—(waving his hand.) I don't undertand what 23 means.

Ruth K. English III—Tennyson published poems till the end of his death.

Dennis T—(English III) I hain't got my oral composition wrote yet, Miss Morgan.

Mr. Dodds—Geology I.—Ambrose, what is a volcanic neck?
Ambrose—Volcanic neck? I never saw a volcanic neck.

Ben D., Geometry III.—If the transversal makes the alternate interior angles equal the lines are paralized.

Miss D—What is a rhomboid?
Chloe H—A square pushed over.

Mr. H., Geometry III—Raymond, what kind of an angle have you made?
Raymond M—(excitedly) A cute angle.

Cleo T. (translating Latin)—And he fighting fleas (flees.)

Miss Morgan, English IV—Why it's so simple a child could understand it!
Verne W—I—I can't.

Gladys P., English III—When the papal chair was in France the popes were all Freshmen (Frenchmen.)

Ralph R.—Eurydice died on the night she was to have been married and—
Mamie M—(sighing) Tough-luck.

Espy K—English III (sleepily) Her dressing room was made of—sandwiches and cheese.

Mr. Patterson (becoming eloquent in History IV.) "And old Oliver Cromwell just walked in there and locked the door and stuck it in his pocket."

Mr. P., History IV—You remember we had a total eclipse of the sun in 1886.
Mamie M. (forgetting herself) Oh, yes! I remember it well.

Walter M., Latin IV—Cynthus played on his harp with his golden locks.

Miss T., calling the role in Latin IV—"Cleo Smith." How natural!

Miss M., English IV—We know that true love at times will steel people to do anything.
Ben B. (emphatically)—Yes'm. That's true, that's true.

Floyd R.—Latin IV (becoming rattled.) She clung in his embrace and to his neck.—I don't know how that goes.

Ben D. English III (Speaking of Thomas W. Lawson.) He owned a number of different kinds of stock, such as dogs and an automobile.

Mabel Mott finds a card of hearts on her desk and almost in tears says. "Why, why whose are these?"

Ben B., (displaying his account book) Floyd, look here at the money I'll have to borrow for graduation. One dollar for picture, one dollar for alumni banquet, three seventy-five for annuals and four eighty-eight for a graduating suit.

Lewis H., History II—The people were starving because they didn't have anything to eat.

Mamie M—Geometry IV (getting excited) "And these here two parallelpipes—[parallelopipeds.]

Hugh C., in Zoology II—If that was modified thousands of times how did they know it was there at all?

Miss M., English III—Monroe, who was Fanny?
Monroe—(just waking up) Fanny? Oh, why—she was—she was.

Byron T—(in Zoo class)—Man descended from the monkey.
Miss D—But what did the monkey descend from.
Byron—A tree, I suppose.

Miss D—Chemistry IV (assigning lesson.) We'll take a little more boron before we take arsenic.

Mr. Dodds—Edith, why was it inconvenient for early fish to have thick plates?
Edith R—Why because they couldn't run fast, I suppose.

Carl R., English I (giving example of an adverb of manner.) The pig squealed as tho' it were dead.

Miss Towne, Latin IV—Why couldn't Aeneas embrace the image, Opal?
Opal M—Because it was a spirit.
Ray B—What a shame. Poor fellow.

Opal M., Latin IV—Three times he attempted to embrace the image and three times she——
Clyrol F. (dreaming.) How natural!

The following letter was dropped by a Freshman one evening on his way to the post-office:

TIPTON, INDIANA, NOV. 10, '07.

Mr. Girl's Doll Co., Attieboro, Mass.

DEAR SIR:—Having seen your advistisment in the Chicage House Hold Guest paper for your magic lantern for selling 12 stick pin at 10 c each.. I wanting to do this, wish you to send me the pin to sell, and after I have sold then I will send you the money and you send me the magic lantern and 100 colered picture with it.

Your truly.

Mr. Patterson, (History IV)—Byron, what is the Salic Law?

Byron T—(waking up) Why it is that no woman can vote. No it is that no woman can be king.

Little Miss Katon,
In history recitation,
Was making a little spiel;
When long came a spider,
And sat down beside her,
And made little Miss Katon squeal.

Helen B.—Jean, your hair reminds me of Marshall Field's building.
Jean—Why?
Helen—Because it covers a block.

Patterson in History II.—There are two towns in France that they say are like a woman's tongue.
Class—?
Patterson—One is "too long." (Toulon) and the other is "too loose" (Toulouse)

Ben B.—Latin IV—"She deigned to join herself to Aneas as a husband."

Miss D.—in Chemistry IV.—Calomel must be used cautiously or it may cause the mouth to—oh well—it causes salvation (salivation.)

Miss M.—Give examples of a jewel.
Freshman—A corner-stone or a tomb-stone.

Favorite Magazines.

Ladies Home Journal	Floyd Ramsay
Boston Cooking School Magazine	Walter Mayne
American Hair Dresser	Espy Katon
Hours at Home	Will Cole
Painter's Magazine	Jean Johns
What to Eat	Laura Messmore
The Country Gentleman	Roderick Renner
Chatter box	Bertha Russell
How To Help The Boys	Lena Harper
Harper's Magazine	Ray Bower
Woman's Home Companion	Chessel Urmston
Success Magazine	Dudley Wagstaff
The Youth's Companion	Mamie Moore
The Independent	Lodelle Harlan
Correct Social Usage	Senior Boys
The Comfort	Freshmen Girls

Exchange

An uncouth granger, who, however, had a perfect mania for using words which he did not understand, was arranged in court by a neighbor on charge of assault.

"Well, Jim" said the Judge, "do you deny or acknowledge the allegation?"

"I deny the allegation, Judge," said Jim, "and am ready to lick the allegator."

"Young man" said the professor as he grabbed a frisky "Freshy" by the shoulder. "I believe the devil has got hold of you."

"I believe he has," gasped the boy.

The sentiment of to-day was freely expressed by the New England girl who mistook the first mile-stone out of Boston for a tombstone, and reading its inscription "one mile from Boston" said "I'm from Boston. How simple, how sufficient."

There was a crowd, for there were three,
The girl, the parlor lamp and he;
But two is company, and no doubt,
That is why the lamp went out.

Music as advertised.
"Come where my love lies dreaming "with illustrated cover.
"Trust her not" for fifty cents.
"I would not always live" without accompaniment.
"Home sweet home" in one flat.
"The tale of the sword-fish" with many scales.
"After the ball" for second bass.
"See the conquering hero comes" with full orchestra.

"Is the master of the house in?" inquired a slick tongued book agent of a little boy who had answered the ring.

"Nope" said the boy.

"Little boys should not tell falsehoods," said the agent. "Isn't that your father reading over there by the window?"

"Yep," was the answer, "that's pa all right, but ma's out."

Mr. S—, "Brown, give the definition for water."

Brown—"Water is that liquid which has the property of turning black when I put my hands in it."

Just picture the fate of the Eskimo
Who would spoon with his Eskimess
He couldn't, by hugging, his artic love show
On account of her muchness of dress.

Conundrum—Which would you rather be, a boy in a sewing circle or a girl in a chemistry class.

MODERN LATIN

Boyibus kissibus sweet girliorum
Girlibus likibus, wanti somorum.
Kissibus loudibus, wake up poporum
Kickibus boyibus out the front doorum
Boyibus lightibus on the streetorem
Wishibus seeibus girli no morum.

Latin teacher—"Beth, give me the Latin word for "know" and also give its principal parts."
Beth (whispering to girl next to her)—"Oh, Helen, what is it?"
Helen—Darned if I know.
Beth—darndifiknow, darndifinare, darndif—
Teacher—Beth, what word are you giving?
Beth—Darndifiknow.

Miss Snuder—(at picnic) Howard, where are you going?
Howard—To get some water.
Miss S—In those disreputable trousers?
Howard (meekly)—No'm in this 'ere pail.

"AN IRISHMAN'S LOVE LETTER."

"My Darlin' Peggy:"—I met you last night and you never came! I'll meet you again to-night, whether you come or whether you stop away. If I'm there first, sure I'll write my name on the gate to tell you of it, and if it's you that's first, why rub it out, darlin' and no one will be the wiser. I'll never fail to be at the trystin place, Peggy, for, faith. I can't keep away from the spot where you are, whether you're there or whether you're not. "Your own,

PADDY."

"LATIN."

They all are dead who wrote it,
They all are dead who spoke it;
They all must die that learn it;
Oh, happy death? They earn it.

O that some Burbank of the West,
Would patent, make or sell,
An onion with an onion taste
But with a violet smell.

* * * * * * * * *

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YOUR work and our relations with you have been most satisfactory.---EDGAR C. THOMPSON, Business Manager "Arbutus," Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.

EVERYTHING has been satisfactory, and we are delighted with your work.--- EDWARD A. ROSS, Editor-in-Chief "Debris," Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

YOUR work for the "Cincinnatian" was entirely satisfactory, and we appreciate your attention and promptness.—BERNARD C. BOWEN, Business Manager "Cincinnatian," University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, O.

YOUR work has been entirely satisfactory and prompt.—H. M. FULLERTON, Business Manager 1907 "Hatchet," Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

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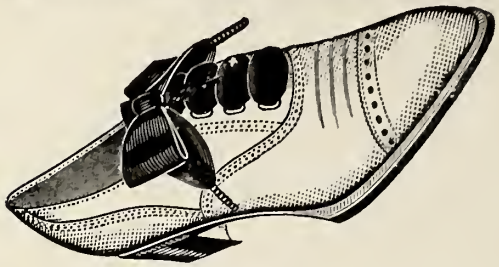
By Their Sayings Ye Shall Know Them.

Paul S.—"Ain't I funny? Haw-haw!"
Cora W.—O joy!
Myrtle R.—"Well er-ah—something like that."
Ralph Kemp—"Bah yourself and see how you like it."
Highley—DON'T! SEE?
Bertha R.—"Now you quit."
Margaret M.—"Smarty."
Buell H.—"Oh now Helen."
Ray B.—"Hello, old scout."
Ethel O.—"Oh crackey! I'll just die."
Ray G.—"Dog it."
Jean J.—"Some how that don't soak in."
Floyd M.—"Gladys, move back here by me."
Leona M.—"Where's Frank?"
Miss Morgan—"Sh-sh—quiet please."
Helen B.—"Looky, Mr. Highley."
Edna R.—"Oh Ben!"
Harold P.—"Cut it out, Bob."
Miss Dickerson—"I—was just—wondering."
Lydia H.—"Wonder who I'll walk to school with this A. M."
Ethel B.—"Oh I must hurry home. I know I have a phone call."
Mabel M.—"Oh I know I won't get through in deportment this month."
Mr. Dodds—"Now listen tightly."
Ralph R.—" 'd you ever hear that joke about?"
Charlotle W.—"An' every thing like that."
Ethel C.—"Is that so?"

Let Us Give Thanks.

For Mr. Patterson's funny stories.
For Mr. Dodds' wonderful knowledge.
For Tipton High School Athletics.
For Morning exercises.
For Walter Mayne's and Dane Patterson's philosophy.
For Miss Towne's sunny smiles.
For Ben B's jokes.
For the pretty Junior girls.
For Lena Harper's music.
For Jimmy Hogan.
For smiley grimy Smitson.
For Ethel O's Irish wit.
For Earl J's modesty.
For Espy K's man.
For the Soph President.
For Opal M's musical sneeze.
That the school building is still standing.



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W. W. PARSONS, President

Sophomore's Lament

Tune—Chrous of Everybody works but Father.

—1—

Everybody works but Highley.
He sits around all day
Canning the kids from High School
Because they won't behave.
Patterson gives the warning
So does Highley too
Then the unlucky student
Has to skidoo.

—2—

Then there is Miss Morgan.
My! How she does scold,
Because we don't stop talking
And answer back so bold.
If we would only study
My! How nice she'd be,
But since we will not do it,
I guess its 23.

—3—

Next our teachers of science,
Dickerson and Dodds,
Teaching Physics and Chemistry
(Pleasing only to the gods)
Also there is Zoology
And Geology too,
Now with all these subjects
We have enough to do.

—4—

O! Our dear class of Latin,
And our teacher Miss Towne;
When we ride to class on a pony
My! how she does frown.
But they must all forgive us!
They were kids once too,
But I think they seen to forget it,
Now don't you?

—5—

Oh! my, the High School students,
They are just the stuff.
They are so eager for study,
They can not work enough.
But when we get on Main street,
The teachers will honor us too,
Then they discover, thank goodness
That we are true blue.

—Contributed by the Sophomore Class.

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Ella Young (deceased)
Eva (Overman) Waugh, Tipton, Indiana
Allie (Wright) Martz (deceased)
Josie (Blount) Warmon, Atlanta, Indiana

CLASS OF 1879

Lula (Young) Hardy, Tipton, Indiana
Carrie (Nelson) Hurlock, Alexandria, Indiana
Asbury Moore, Tipton, Indiana
Ferd Isgrigg, St. Louis, Missouri
India (Vickery) Moore (deceased)
Louis Dickey, Leota, Kansas
Lemuel Kimberlin, Indianapolis, Indiana
Lizzie (Armstrong) Puntenney (deceased)
Mattie Peterson, Danville, Indiana
Sadie (Wright) Standerford, Tipton, Indiana
Maggie Metts, Muncie, Indiana
Azro F. Moore, Tipton, Indiana
Ora (Harding) Innis, Tipton, Indiana
Lizzie (Tevis) Lewis, Tipton, Indiana
Robert Webb, (deceased)
Mae (Blount) Conner, North Salem, Indiana

CLASS OF 1880

Laura (Dale) Galyon, Seattle, Washington
Emma (Nelson) White, Grainsville, Idaho
Jessie (McConnell) Weed, New York
Mary (Rumsey) Bunch (deceased)
Della (Harding) Clemmons, Freemont, Nebraska
Lizzie (Montgomery) Bray, Quincy, Illinois
Fannie (Guffin) Parker, Washington, D. C.
Henry Guffin (deceased)
Ella (Small) Isgrigg, St. Louis, Missouri

CLASS OF 1883

Josie Murphy, Tipton, Indiana
Jennie (Carson) Logan, Clarksburg, Indiana
Rettie Fear, Frankfort, Indiana
Maggie (Carson) Bunch, Tipton, Indiana

CLASS OF 1886

W. A. Addison, Indianapolis, Indiana
Ora Grishaw (deceased)
Belle (Wright) Law, Tipton, Indiana

CLASS OF 1888

Pearl Waugh, Berlin, Germany
Grace Bert, Tipton, Indiana
Louie (McColley) Bartholomew, Franklin, Ind.
Katie Burns (deceased)
William Walker, Marshall, Ohio
Ethel Mehlig (deceased)
Watson Pitzer, Los Angeles, California
Jessie Carson, Indianapolis, Indiana
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Bertha (Nicholson) LaFever (deceased)
Francis Haas, Tipton, Indiana
John Oglebay, Tipton, Indiana
Hattie (Bennett) Taylor, Arcadia, Indiana
Emma (Binkley) Jolley, Tipton, Indiana
Celia (Newcomer) Wasson, Delphi, Indiana

CLASS OF 1890

Amy Williamson, Tipton, Indiana
Julia (Pressler) Stewart, Tipton, Indiana
Anna (McColley) Picken, Indianapolis, Indiana
Stella (Davis) Loer, New Castle, Indiana
Liew (Barlow) Caylor, Tipton, Indiana
Vessie (Mount) Parsons, Walla Walla, Wash.
Ambrose Moody, Toledo, Ohio
Lula (Clark) Martz, Arcadia, Indiana
Lora (Teter) Hubbard, Duluth, Minnesota

CLASS OF 1891

Bonnie (Beauchamp) Pugh, Indianapolis, Indiana
Max Mehlig, Bellingham, Washington
Frances (Jones) Loucks, Tipton, Indiana
Etta (Tincher) Leach, Jonesboro, Indiana
Dora (Hysman) Heathers, Denver, Colorado
Mae (Shellenbarger) Steele, Indianapolis, Ind.
Effie (Martindale) Fish, Tipton, Indiana
Effie (Kimberlin) Tritipo, Fishers, Indiana
Lulu Collins, Tipton, Indiana
Rose (Mitchell) Sharritt, Newark, Ohio

CLASS OF 1892

Harvey Lebo, Tipton, Indiana
Clemmie (Osborn) Langley, Minneapolis, Minn.
Mabel Tingle, Greenwood, Indiana
Jesse Barlow, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Harry Grishaw, Tipton, Indiana
Ira Jutus, Indianapolis, Indiana
Helen (Mahan) Montgomery, Tipton, Indiana
Mabel (Pitzer) Terril, Seattle, Washington
Sophia (Woodruff) Mendenhall, Tipton, Indiana
Jennie (Friar) Nash, Tipton, Indiana
Jessie Grove, Tipton, Indiana
Margaret Oglebay, Tipton, Indiana
May (Albright) Crane, Noblesville, Indiana
Allen Gifford, Tipton, Indiana
Clara Jones, Tipton, Indiana
Della (Prospt) Roode, Tipton, Indiana

CLASS OF 1893

Bertha Wilcox, Kokomo, Indiana
Dora (Eastes) Davis, (address unknown)

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Etta (Appleton) Foster, Tipton, Indiana
Maggie (Davis) Coleman, Indianapolis, Indiana
Mattie (Hadley) Nuzum, Marion, Indiana

CLASS OF 1895

Clyde R. Porter, Tipton, Indiana
Gertrude (Swoveland) Winfield, Tipton, Indiana
Daisy (Whittinger) DeHaven, Kokomo, Indiana
Louis Haas, Tipton, Indiana
Charles Winfield, Tipton, Indiana
Fred Overman, Indianapolis, Indiana
Joseph Booth, Tipton, Indiana
Eleanor Clark, Tipton, Indiana
Orrie Foster, La Fayette, Indiana
Frank Gifford, Tipton, Indiana

CLASS OF 1896

Charles Dickey, Colfax, Indiana
Alice (Russell) Innis, Tipton, Indiana
Harriet Haas, Tipton, Indiana
William Nelson, Indianapolis, Indiana
Cleon W. Mount, Tipton, Indiana

CLASS OF 1897

Seva (Richardson) Booth, Tipton, Indiana
Harry Phares (deceased)
Caroline Teter, Tipton, Indiana
Margery (Bennett) Hamilton, Arcadia, Indiana
Carrie Kehler, Warsaw, Indiana
Floe Davis, Tipton, Indiana
Ralph Gates, Monroe, Indiana
Will Mayne (deceased)
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Fred Oglebay, Tipton, Indiana
Fred Bowlin, Tipton, Indiana
Leonedus Compton, Tipton, Indiana
Oscar Collins, Tipton, Indiana
Frank Bennett, Indianapolis, Indiana

CLASS OF 1899

Bertha (Bowlin) Knee, Tipton, Indiana
Beulah (Gleason) Mood, Tipton, Indiana
Bernard Moore. Seattle, Washington
Charles Smith, Roann, Indiana
Pearl (Shepherd) Miller, Seattle, Washington
Myrtle (Miller) Staley, Tipton, Indiana
Harry Talbot (deceased)
Ora (Nicholson) Dunlap, Indianapolis, Indiana
Frank Vawter, Tipton, Indiana
Mabel (Burkhart) Clark, Elwood, Indiana
Mae (Salter) Phillips, Tipton, Indiana.

CLASS OF 1900

Jessica (Waugh) Adams, Pittsburgh, Penna.
Mona (Axtell) Mahan, Indianapolis, Indiana
Herbert Dickey, Chicago, Illinois
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John Todd, Indianapolis, Indiana
Kate (Culler) Reese, Indianapolis, Indiana
Edward Pape, Indianapolis, Indiana
Ulin (Porter) Myers, Indianapolis, Indiana
John Gates, Tipton, Indiana
Charles Shannon, Bloomington, Indiana

CLASS OF 1901

Mabel (Blount) Pfafman, Elliottsville, Indiana
Bessie Teter, Tipton, Indiana
Nellie (Read) Thorne, Chicago, Illinois
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Sadie (Gough) McCreary, Ft. Wayne, Indiana
Gomer Burton, Tipton, Indiana
Tug Smitb, Tipton, Indiana
Edna (Haynes) Moore, Seattle, Washington.
Philip McArdle, Coraopolis, Pennsylvania
Maude Bennett, Bloomington, Indiana
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Katherine Johnson, Indianapolis, Indiana
Jessie Leavell, Albany, Indiana
Collin Pence, Indianapolis, Indiana

CLASS OF 1902

Anna Blount, Tipton, Indiana
Frank Nelson, Indianapolis, Indiana
Mabel Clouser, Tipton, Indiana
Hattie Gates, Tipton, Indiana
Fannie (Gough) Burton, Tipton, Indiana
Carl Watson, Alton, Illinois
Chester Harper, Nashville, Tennessee
Edith (Reagan) Wimmer, Windfall, Indiana
Mildred Lebo, Tipton, Indiana
James Otto Pape, Barberton, Ohio
Hazel (Mount) Brundage, Tipton, Indiana
Mary McArdle, Tipton, Indiana
Ethel Bates, Huntington, Indiana
Earl Smith, Anderson, Indiana
Ethel Daum, Irvington, Indiana
Lena (Stephenson) Cropper, Elwood, Indiana
Ruth (Lebo) Smith, Roann, Indiana
Harold Vawter, Jeffersonville, Indiana.

CLASS OF 1903

Parke Mehlig, La Fayette, Indiana
Fannie Fouch, Tipton, Indiana
Orville Butner, in the Regular Army.
Charles Lee, Irvington, Indiana
Ethel (Read) Schutkoske, Elwood, Indiana
Cleveland Pape, Tipton, Indiana
Fred Ayers, Indianapolis, Indiana
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Ralph Gleason, Tipton, Indiana
Lula Kirtley, Tipton, Indiana
Walter Dickey, Albuquerque, New Mexico
Katie Deakyne, Tipton, Indiana
Carl Burkhart, Tipton, Indiana
Walter Kemp, Tipton, Indiana
Florence Rosenthal Tipton, Indiana
Bessie (Mahan) Staats, (deceased)

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Guy Craig, Tipton, Indiana
Oren Zehner, Tipton, Indiana
Mary E. Reed, Tipton, Indiana
Blanche Ryker, Normanda, Indiana
Guy VanBuskirk, Tipton, Indiana
Beatrice (Ryker) Campbell, Normanda, Indiana
Maud Moore, Tipton, Indiana
George Hamilton, Tipton, Indiana
Bertha (Moore) Rice, Tipton, Indiana
Otto Hughes, Sharpsville, Indiana
George Off, Sharpsville, Indiana
Murrel Moore, Tipton, Indiana
Ethel Sowers, Tipton, Indiana
Dulcie Huckstep, Sharpsville, Indiana

CLASS OF 1906

Ferdinand Rayl, Tipton, Indiana
Mary Moore, Tipton, Indiana
Lillian Moore, Tipton, Indiana
Edna (Clark) Burkhart, Indianapolis, Indiana
William Kinder, Bloomington, Indiana
Madge Blount, Cincinnati, Ohio
William Ferguson, Tipton, Indiana
Mary Harlow, Kempton, Indiana
Paul McCorkle (deceased)
Vesta Knotts, Greencastle, Indiana
Jean Picken, Bloomington, Indiana
Orem Richardson, Normanda, Indiana
Grace Schulenborg, Tipton, Indiana
Merton Richardson, Indianapolis, Indiana

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Ruth Daum, Tipton, Indiana
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Flossie Kemp, Oxford, Ohio
Noble Coryell, Tipton, Indiana
Esther Lewis, Tipton, Indiana
Ora Bates, Tipton, Indiana
Elfa Plake, Tipton, Indiana
Leona Fritz, Tipton, Indiana
Fred Harper, Goldsmith, Indiana
Alan Ogan, Indianapolis, Indiana
Nellie Coryell, Windfall, Indiana
Lelia Legg, Tipton, Indiana
Blanche Mason, Tipton, Indiana
Hattie McColley, Tipton, Indiana

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